he inside story on **WHY SHIRLEY TEMPLE QUIT**

modern screen

MAY 12 1951

JUNE

15c

What Happens to Hollywood Romances-

Doris Day

Jane Powell

Ruth Roman

Ann Blyth

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Can your make-up pass the "close-up" test?

You're lovely-to-look-at even in close-ups, with Solitair!

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Seven lovely shades

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Expect a surprise when you see how naturally lovely your hair looks . . . after you *condition it* with clear, liquid Drene Shampoo! For Drene, unlike soap or cream shampoos, never hides the beauty of your hair.

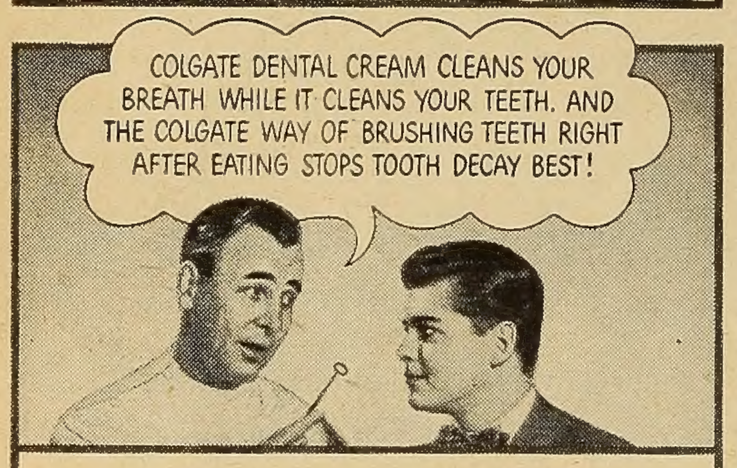
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Only DRENE has this Conditioning Action for All types of hair!





READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

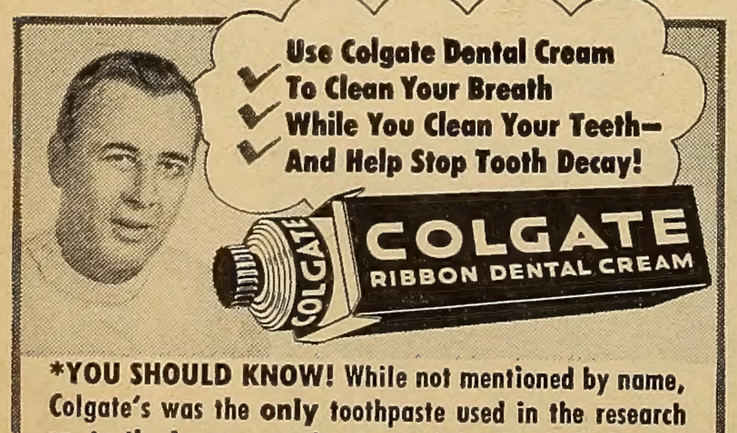
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Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

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LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the **only** toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

JUNE, 1951

modern screen

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MORE LOVE SONGS FROM THE STAR WHO THRILLED AMERICA WITH "BE MY LOVE"!

Golden-voiced Mario Lanza enraptures millions of movie-lovers in the role he was destined to play . . . the love story of the fabulous Caruso, gallery god of his era . . . who sang his way from cafes to fame . . . and into the hearts of the world's most glamorous women!



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COAST-TO-COAST TRIUMPH! Lanza's voice and charm have won him acclaim and adulation such as only Caruso has ever known before!

Written by Sonya Levien and William Ludwig ★ *Suggested by Dorothy Caruso's Biography of her Husband*

Directed by RICHARD THORPE ★ Produced by JOE PASTERNAK ★ Associate Producer JESSE L. LASKY

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



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When you're close to the favorite man in your life, be sure you *stay* nice to be near. Guard against underarm odor this new, *better* way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum with M-3 safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

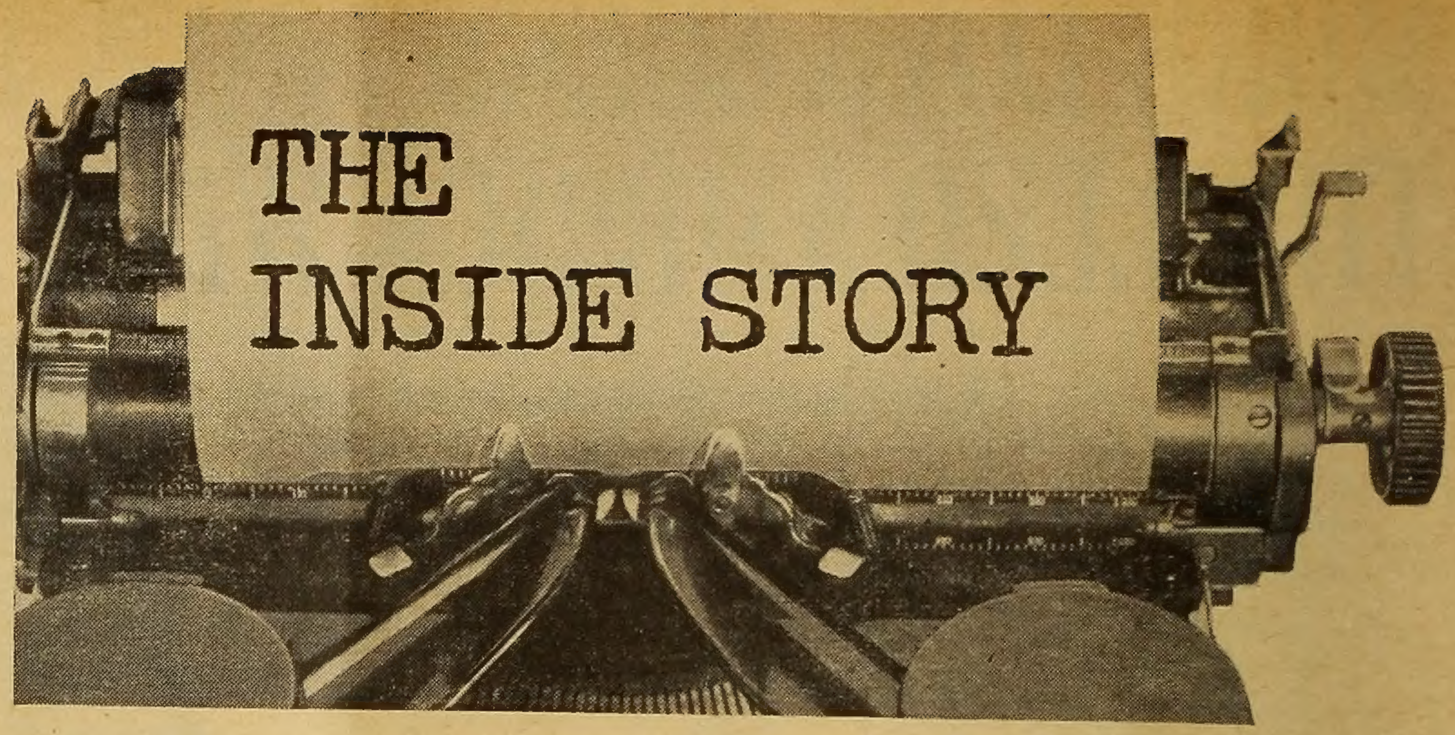
Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and *lasts!* Get Mum!



New **MUM** cream deodorant

A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Charles Black refused to marry Shirley Temple until she quit the movies? —R. E., Miami, Fla.

A. *False. (For the reasons behind Shirley's decision to stop acting turn to "The Inside Story on Why Shirley Quit," page 27.—Ed.)*

Q. What is the lowdown on Ruth Roman? How many times has she been married? Is it true she proposed to her husband?—V. T., Stamford, Conn.

A. *Ruth Roman was married at 16 to a boy named Jack Flaxman. The marriage lasted six months. Ruth's present husband is Mortimer Hall who proposed to her.*

Q. Is it true that Dan Dailey suffered a complete nervous breakdown and had to be sent to the Menninger Clinic? —R. T., San Francisco, Calif.

A. *No. Several months ago, Dan felt "all mixed up," and took himself to the Menninger Clinic for some sensible psychiatric treatment. By the time you read this, he should be back in Hollywood. (Read "The Courage of Dan Dailey" on page 54.—Ed.)*

Q. Is it possible to buy dresses worn by a star from the studio wardrobe department? —T. Y., Albany, N. Y.

A. *Studio wardrobe departments are not permitted to sell costumes to the public.*

Q. Is it true that Farley Granger has gotten too big for his boots? Is that why he moved out of his parents' house? —G. G., Lakeland, Fla.

A. *Farley hasn't gone high-hat. Independent and self-reliant, he feels he'd like to live on his own, away from home. He sees his folks every day.*

Q. Is Ben Gage, Esther Williams' husband, popular in Hollywood? What does he do? —T. R., N. Y.

A. *He's popular. He manages a Los Angeles restaurant called The Trails. He and Esther own it.*

Q. Is Jeff Chandler really Ira Grossel? How is he doing in Hollywood? —T. R., Toronto, Canada

A. *Chandler is Grossel. He is doing beautifully in his career. He is having some difficulty, however, in his private life.*

Q. Does Jeanne Crain make more money than her husband, Paul Brinkman? What does he do, anyway?—D. E., Dillon, S. C.

A. *Paul Brinkman is a furniture manufacturer. After taxes, his income is larger than his wife's.*

Q. If Janet Leigh is really in love with Tony Curtis, why don't they get married? Is it true that Barry Nelson and Arthur Loew, Jr., both refused to marry Janet?—R. R., Tulsa, Okla.

A. *Tony doesn't feel he's ready for marriage. It was Janet who turned down proposals by Nelson and Loew, Jr.*

Q. Is it true that Lex Barker, currently playing Tarzan, comes from a very social family? —R. R., Hartford, Conn.

A. *Lex Barker comes from Port Chester, New York. His is a typical American family, not socially prominent.*

Q. What's happened to Guy Madison? I haven't seen him in pictures. —F. C., Elkhart, Ind.

A. *Guy is making pictures for television.*

Q. Who has custody of Kirk Douglas' two boys? Will Kirk marry Irene Wrightsman? —C. Y., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Diana Dill, Kirk's first wife, has custody of the boys. Kirk may be married to Irene Wrightsman as of now.*

Q. Is it true that John Agar is a crooner in a band? Does he see his little daughter.—C. Y., Cleveland, O.

A. *Agar has recorded several tunes with Frank De Vol's band under an assumed name. He pays visits to Linda Susan.*

Q. Does Van Heflin wear a hairpiece, and why has Charles Boyer given up wearing his? —G. U., Ames, Iowa

A. *Van wears one, and Boyer has stopped because he says, "For character parts, a toupee is not necessary."*



Mona Freeman's best lipstick became warpaint for little Mona at the party. The Ladds are strong on western lore, had authentic costumes.

Judy and Vincente forgot

their differences to give Liza

a happy birthday party . . .

will the Jeff Chandlers be

able to patch up their mar-

riage? All Hollywood gives

thanks with Dorothy Lamour

for a miracle . . .

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—she's cutting her hair shorter and shorter and looks younger and younger—came in with famed Broadway producer, Gilbert Miller and his wife.

Judy Garland was with Sid Luft—who else? I won't go so far as to say that Judy is thin again—but she has lost a lot of the poundage that made her look like a butterball a few months ago.

Both Gene Tierney and Marion Davies wore those new coat dresses—and all I gotta say is that you have to be as thin as both these beauties to wear that style. It ain't for me.

Pert Monica Lewis had Metropolitan opera star, Robert Merrill, in tow but they insist they are not in love. If not—they sure do a lot of hand holding. Merrill is out here to make two pictures for Paramount—sort of Paramount's answer to Mario Lanza. If anybody can be—Bob's the boy to do it. He's young, romantic looking—and oh,—how he can sing!

Ezio Pinza and his pretty Doris were over in a corner absolutely bent double over

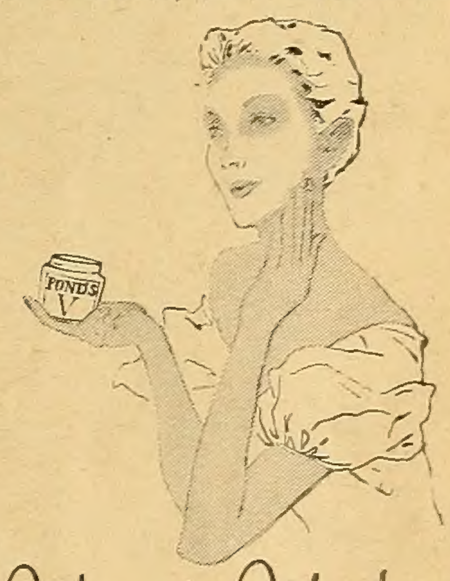
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This greaseless base
Sheer...cool...natural!

Always soft and delicate, even in the harsh glare of summer sun—that is *your* complexion in this *sheerer* foundation! Before powder, smooth on a misty veil of Pond's Vanishing Cream. *It's completely greaseless!* Never streaks . . . never discolors. This satiny Cream gives a transparent, protective finish that flatters any skin tone! Keeps your complexion fresh, flawless for *hours*—makes you look your sweetest, most natural self!



1-Minute Mask for an over-exposed complexion

Summer weather can mercilessly "leather" your skin, make it look *older*. "Re-style" your complexion—*now*. Cover face—except eyes—in a deep, snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens dry, flaky skin particles. *Dissolves them off!* Leave the Mask on 1 minute—then tissue off. Now—*see* the results! "No beauty treatment gives my skin a so much clearer, softer look so quickly!" says Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor.

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor

"I always feel so *right* in a powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream," Mrs. Astor says. "It suits my skin perfectly—looks so natural and stays smooth much longer than other foundations I've used."



Keep dainty all day with a single spray!

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AMAZINGLY ECONOMICAL! Months supply in a smart, unbreakable blue plastic bottle. 33¢ and 59¢, plus tax.

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LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



The Roy Rogers' new buckaroo, Robin Elizabeth, is a big girl now. She'll be nine months old May 26th; has two sisters and a brother.

Reggie Gardiner's imitation of Ezio! There's never a dull moment when that Reggie's around and you can't say Pinza isn't a good sport to take all that kidding.

The party invitations read from "six to nine"—but when I called Cobina next day to say what a nice time I had had—she told me she went to bed at 2 A.M.—and it was still going strong after she'd retired.

I SWORE I was going to write a department this month without mentioning Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton. But guess I might as well give up—or *in!*

Yep—after all them harsh words—these two met either by accident or pre-arrangement in Palm Springs, danced together, laughed together, and had a fine time.

Next day, Liz said there would be no reconciliation. Nick said, "Who knows?"

Anyway, Elizabeth has taken a bachelor apartment in Beverly Hills, and is shopping for a house of her own. Apparently she has no intention of returning to the home of her parents.

A MIRACLE happened in Hollywood this month. Dorothy Lamour's little boy, five-year-old Ridgely, lay in a coma at Children's Hospital, victim of encephalitis which is usually fatal when it follows measles. He could neither walk nor talk—just lay there knowing no one, not even Dorothy or his father, Bill Howard.

No one will ever know the agony Dorothy and Bill went through. The doctors had told them the truth. Only one child in 5,000 contracts this rare disease—and the chances of recovery were just about the same.

But Dorothy wouldn't—couldn't—believe that. She just kept on believing and praying and asking her friends to pray, too.

And the miracle happened—to the amazement of the battery of doctors in attendance. One morning little Ridge awoke—still weak, still a very sick little boy—but he spoke and walked again!

You think Hollywood is a hardboiled town? I want to tell you that there was more rejoicing through the studios from the gateman to the bosses over this wonderful news about the little boy, than I have known in 25 years

THERE'S A NEW LIGHT IN JOAN'S EYES!



When 'Mildred Pierce' brought Joan Crawford her greatest public acclaim, it brought with it something else... the hard job of finding another role that would be its match. That challenge has now been triumphantly met. 'Goodbye, My Fancy,' 'the play that made Broadway brighter' (WARD MOREHOUSE, N.Y. WORLD TELE-SUN) is now on the screen--and by far the most exciting picture Joan Crawford has ever appeared in!



No one could look more like an Angel-- and love like a Devil!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

JOAN CRAWFORD
ROBERT YOUNG
FRANK LOVEJOY

(the lovable Sergeant of 'Breakthrough')

"Best Drama of the Month" —says LOUELLA PARSONS in Cosmopolitan magazine

"GOODBYE, MY FANCY"

WITH **EVE ARDEN** · DIRECTED BY VINCENT SHERMAN · PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE

Screen Play by Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts • Based on the Play by Fay Kanin
From the Stage Production by Michael Kanin • In association with Aldrich and Myers

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- **Odo-Ro-No is the only cream deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.***
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- **No other cream deodorant is so harmless for fabrics.**
- **No other cream deodorant is safer for skin.**

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GUARANTEED *Full 24 Hour Protection*

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

of covering newsworthy events in this business.

Let me tell you what Bill "Hopalong Cassidy" Boyd did:

While little Ridge was still desperately ill, Dorothy's mother, Mrs. Carmen Castleberry, ran into Hoppy on the street and told him of the child's serious condition. "Could you send him a card—or a message?" she asked.

"Send him a card!" exclaimed Bill. "I'm going with you to the hospital now!"

And he did—taking along a full Hopalong costume. "Ridge," he said to the child, "you've got to get out of those pajamas and into your new Hoppy suit."

All the other children—dozens of them who were able to be up and around—crowded around their idol whose visit did them more good than all the medicine in the world.

I hope all those who scoff at Hollywood as a heartless and wicked place—read this. The prayers came from Catholics, Jews and Protestants alike.

SHORT Shots: Ava Gardner, who hasn't been feeling up to par for some time (that's why she turned down two movies at MGM) wisely decided to go into the hospital for a complete check-up. Frankie Sinatra sent so many flowers they had to remind him—please, it wasn't a garden. . . . Wait until you see Ava and Kathryn Grayson in *Show Boat!* Ava sings "torchy", Kathryn sings like an angel—and it's the best and most thrilling screen romance since *Gone With The Wind.* . . . It really looks cold between Peter Lawford and charmin' Sharman Douglas, now turned glamor press agent on *Androcles And The Lion.* Pete's car drove up beside Sharman's at a Sunset Boulevard stop signal. They rolled down the windows and waved to one another, cordially—but that ain't a hot romance in my book! . . . Seems everybody, just everybody, has been hit by the old Devil Flu—but one of the most serious cases was Ruth Roman who felt so awful she started the first lap of her honeymoon to Honolulu alone. She wanted to rest and get the sun on a boat trip. Her ever lovin' bridegroom, Mortimer Hall flew over to join her. . . . Virginia Mayo cost Warner Brothers about a full day's work breaking up completely as she did every time she looked at cute little old S. Z. Sakall dressed up fit to kill as a cowboy in *Golddiggers In Las Vegas.* With his ten gallon hat, chaps and gun-holsters, he was the sight of the week. Virginia calls him "Zopalong" Cassidy—for the Z in his name.

WANDA Hendrix is completely over the heartache she carried for Audie Murphy—but it took her a year to put out the torch.

As it is the fate of many women to go through unhappy marriages and love affairs, I asked Wanda if she had any advice for other torch-toters.

"Only one thing will do it," said this very young girl with the wise eyes, "and I mean—time! The days go by—and somehow with the passing of each 24 hours, the ache lessens a little bit.

"It's silly to try to find a new love immediately. It just can't be done. But I do suggest going out with other men whom you like for their companionship.

"And, then—one bright morning you wake up and think to yourself, 'I'm over it—or at least the worst of it'."

Sounds like a disease—but I guess that's just what love-sickness is.

You oughtta see Jeanne Crain since Joe (*All About Eve*) Mankiewicz got hold of her and changed her from an ingenue into a stunner for *Doctor's Diary*.

Jeanne, the most even-tempered girl in the world, went to bat for genius-Mankiewicz when Anne Baxter was forced out because of the Stork.

But she hadn't quite counted on Joe's complete "reconstruction" job. Jeanne has always kept her hair long. He made her cut it shorter than short.

And he didn't like the pretty-pretty way she dresses, I mean, the ruffles and peasant blouses and skirts Jeanne has always favored in her private wardrobe.

He turned her over to a high stylist with instructions, "Make her look like the *next* cover on Harper's Bazaar."

Know who is the most delighted of all in Jeanne's new "looks"? Paul Brinkman, who thinks his wife looks wonderful. "I'm married —and the mother of three children," says our new glamor girl. "It's time I started looking like a chic woman."

The Letter Box: Mrs. Walter Daisey, of Salisbury, Maryland, suggests this department run a "memorial" photograph of Al Jolson in each October issue of MODERN SCREEN—the anniversary of Al's passing. How about it, Chuck Saxon? (*Dear Louella, I think it's a fine idea. Will do.—C. S.*)

A surprising amount of mail from Europe this month: Gilberte Verlinden writes from Hasselt, Limburg, Belgium (and in very good English): "I read you in MODERN SCREEN, my favorite magazine. But you never write about any actors from Belgium." Darned if I can think of any. She goes on, "Alan Ladd is my favorite American star and the favorite of all my friends." In Belgium, too?

Louise Hershey (and she's a Mrs., too) wants somebody to talk Shirley Temple into coming back to the screen. "She's as much a part of motion pictures as the cameras."

Helen Andersen, Tahaya, Washington, thinks Janet Leigh has made an improvement in her private wardrobe—but her evening gowns are *still* too decollete for a nice girl.

That's all for now. See you next month.



Hedy Lamarr, a volunteer in the Cerebral Palsy drive for $5,000,000, hugs Helen Brooks who is one of the nation's half-million born palsied.

PEPSODENT gets your teeth BRIGHTER BY FAR!



YES, BRIGHTER THAN THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING TOOTH PASTES COMBINED!

Make this 1-Minute Test, today! Run your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? Now brush with film-removing PEPSODENT for 1 minute. Repeat the tongue test. Notice how much cleaner your teeth feel? Your mirror will show you how much brighter they look! Only PEPSODENT with IRIUM* has this film-removing formula. Remember: ***Brighter teeth are cleaner teeth —and less susceptible to decay!***



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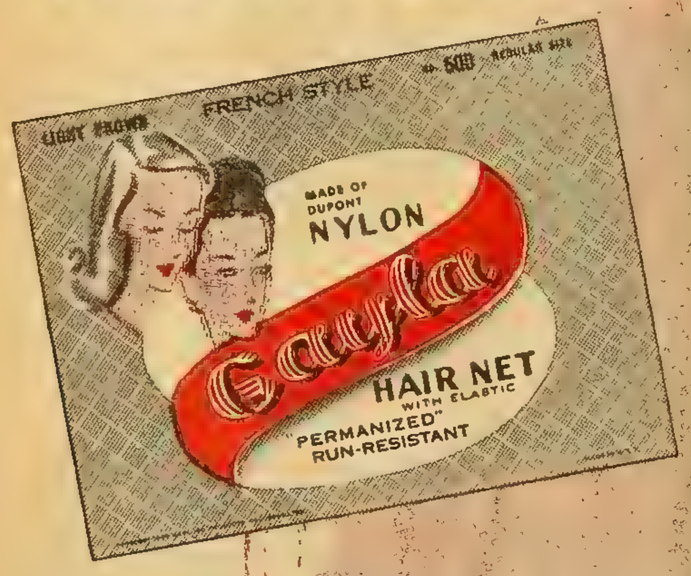
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movie reviews



by Christopher Kane

FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND

■ Spencer Tracy, who had enough trouble getting his daughter married, now has to suffer through her first blessed event. This sequel to *Father of the Bride* has Liz and hubby fighting, making up, becoming parents; but once again the film belongs to Tracy. Whether's he's snarling at his son-in-law (son-in-law: "She can't go home to you every time she's mad—" Tracy: "What do you want me to do, move?") or refusing to look at the baby (every time the baby sees him, it screeches) and insisting, "That child's an individual, and he doesn't like me"—he's warm and human and fun.

Cast: Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett, Elizabeth Taylor, Billie Burke. MGM

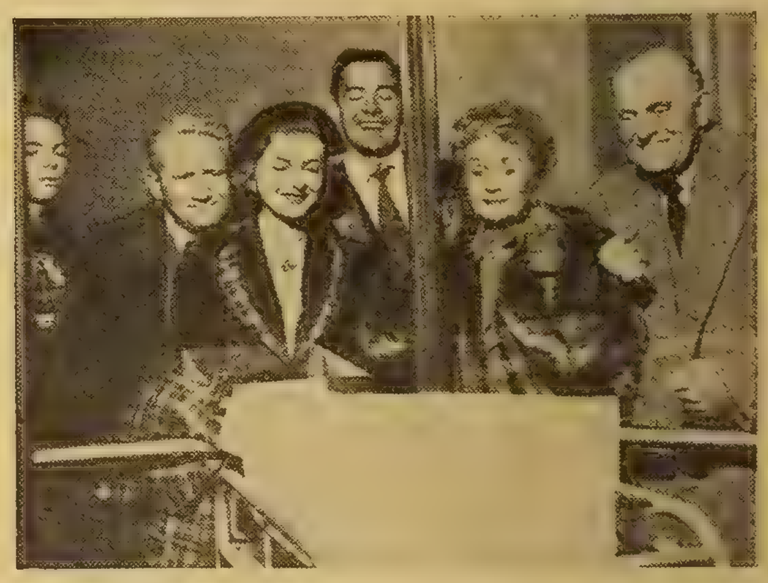
picture of the month



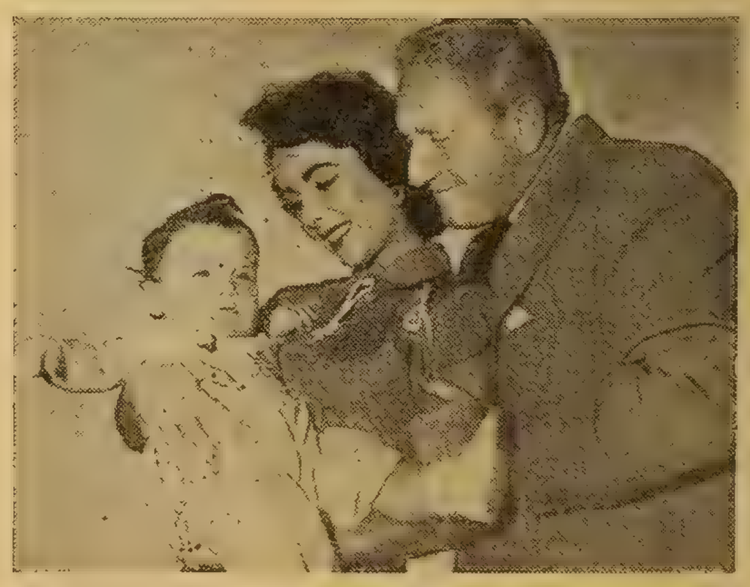
Both sets of parents plan homes for Kay (Liz Taylor) and Buckley (Don Taylor), unaware that the youngsters have already bought one.



Father (Tracy) feels his age at becoming a grandfather. But finds Kay still needs him. She runs to him after a quarrel. He sends her home.



The baby, a boy, finally arrives! The next crisis is what to name him. Each family has opposing suggestions. Kay and Buckley are secretive.



Father adores the baby but the admiration isn't mutual. They're pals, though, by the time the baby is christened with Father's name, Stanley.



Pandora And The Flying Dutchman: The legendary tale of the sailor who could not die receives A-1 treatment from Mason and Gardner.

PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

Here's one of those pictures so pretentiously bad it's enjoyable. It must have cost as much as *Gone With The Wind*, since an expensive cast cavorts along the coast of Spain in Technicolor. The coast of Spain is superb, but you can't say as much for the unfortunate actors. They have impossible pseudo-philosophical speeches to make (with quotations from Omar and a little paraphrased Shakespeare thrown in) and they make them like a high school drama club. Story is mystic. James Mason isn't able to die like a regular human being. Hundreds of years ago, he killed his lovely young wife, and was condemned by heaven to roam the seas till he could find a lady willing to sacrifice her own life for him. Lady turns out to be Ava, to whom a life more or less signifies very little. She's a femme fatale. Marius Goring has committed suicide over her; Nigel Patrick has hurtled his racing car off a cliff for her; and a bullfighter, Mario Cabre, has murdered for her with zest and conviction. Ava's fatalistic about all these things, but that's enough from me. You go see it. It's a true spectacle.

Cast: James Mason, Ava Gardner, Nigel Patrick, Sheila Sim.—MGM.

THE FIRST LEGION

Charles Boyer must be determined to stop giving us girls thrills. Instead of his old romantic self in *The 13th Letter* he acted an elderly crackpot, and now in *The First Legion*, he's a kindly priest. As kindly as he can be, considering the stress of events at the seminary with which he's connected. Doctor Lyle Bettger, who used to be a Catholic, has perpetrated a hoax which causes old priest H. B. Warner to walk. (H.B.'s been paralyzed for three years, but without physical reason, so Doc Bettger injects him with a stimulant, and presto!) This "miracle" causes a rush of pilgrims to Bettger's hospital, just as he planned it would, and pilgrims and priests are dying like flies from exertion, heart trouble, etc., when a lovely young girl (Barbara Rush) who's hopelessly crippled, shows up. Bettger's hard heart grows soft. He admits all to her, but she has enough faith so she throws away her wheel chair and walks anyway. Bettger returns to the fold, and that's that. It's no *Song of Bernadette*, it hasn't got Barry Fitzgerald, but it's full of aging character actors including Leo G. Carroll and Walter Hampden.

Cast: Charles Boyer, William Demarest, Lyle Bettger, Barbara Rush.—United Artists.

(Continued on page 16)

New Shasta Cream Shampoo

Sparks your hair with brighter, richer color

Blonde
hair gleams with bright gold

Brunette
hair dances with dark fire



Red
hair takes on a burnished glory

Gray, White
hair shines with silver

Not a tint! Not a dye! But a super cleansing shampoo that makes even dull-looking hair sing with brighter color

NEW LANOLIN ENRICHED SHASTA CREAM SHAMPOO gives your natural hair color a dazzling lift. Makes the color look brighter, richer. Makes it *sparkle*.

HERE'S WHY: Shasta contains an amazing sparkle-giver that "super" cleans your hair, so the natural color sparkles like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

SHASTA "SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY: Yet for all its color-sparkling magic, Shasta is safe—it does not steal precious natural oil from your hair. New Shasta Cream Shampoo lathers *out* color-dulling grime, leaves *in* glamour-giving natural oils your hair needs to be *soft, healthy, easy-to-manage*.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE COLOR TEST TODAY

BEFORE SHAMPOOING, snip off a small lock of hair. Put this lock aside. Then shampoo your hair with new Shasta but don't shampoo the small lock.

AFTER SHAMPOOING, when hair is thoroughly dry, compare the unwashed lock of hair with your soft and radiant Shasta *color-sparked* hair!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If not completely convinced that Shasta sparks your hair with brighter, richer color, return jar and get money back in full under Procter & Gamble's guarantee.



Save money on the big economy jar 89¢
Also 57¢, 29¢

NEW COLOR-SPARKING Shasta *"SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY*
DOES NOT ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

The Chandlers are learning what so many others have found: a place in the Hollywood sun too often casts a shadow over a happy home.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

storm clouds for jeff



Married six years, Jeff and Marjorie have two daughters.

■ There are some actors whose domestic happiness all Hollywood usually takes for granted. Alan Ladd is one. Dick Powell is another. Jeff Chandler was a third until a few weeks ago. Then these lines appeared in a gossip column: "Jeff Chandler, currently the hottest young actor in town, is seeing a lot of Ann Sheridan."

"Is it true," asked another columnist, "that Jeff Chandler is living in a portable dressing room on the Universal lot? Doesn't he have a place to go home to, or is something radically wrong?"

A studio spokesman, when asked to verify the rumors, expressed amazement at them. But Chandler's agent, Meyer Mishkin, said, "Chandler's wife, you know, is an actress. Her name's Marjorie Hoshelle. She played in *The Next Voice You Hear* and *I Can Get It For You Wholesale.* Whenever you have two careers in one family, especially two acting careers, there's bound to be a little friction. But I think they'll work things out."

While things supposedly were being worked out, Mrs. Jeff Chandler was sitting in the Beverly Hills office of her attorney. "I think," she said, "I'd like to get a divorce. My husband and I seem to be incompatible."

Marjorie and Jeff were married on October 13, 1946, in a candlelight ceremony at the Beverly Hills home of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Slottow.

At the time, Jeff was about as well-known as Mickey Mouse's third cousin. Just discharged from the Army, the six-foot-four-inch actor had been given a screen test by Universal. The card, bearing the result of his screen test, carries this information: "Ira Grossel, 27; 6′ 4″; brown eyes; brown hair; 210 lbs.; mug type combination Bogart-Cagney-Gable; okay for tough bits."

Actually, Jeff was testing for a role in Mark Hellinger's picture, *The Killers.* He didn't get it. In fact, he didn't get anything. No one would give him an acting job of any sort. He tried radio, and got bounced around from one audition to another. In (*Continued on page 58*)

The finest silverplate...the loveliest patterns...



...only $8.06 for a six piece place setting!

Choose new *May Queen*—the enchanting new design that sparkles with gaiety and charm...classic *Danish Princess*, with its cool, Nordic beauty...romantic *Spring Garden*, for its refreshing floral note...or delicate *Lovely Lady* with hint of yesteryear.

Start your service now! Six-piece place setting only $8.06 each—includes knife, fork, salad fork, soup spoon and two teaspoons. For a small down payment, you may take home complete services. 8 place settings, plus 4 serving pieces and chest, only $69.95.

Holmes & Edwards is superior to all other silverplate. The most used spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver where they rest on the table. Thus, should wear occur, there is sterling underneath.

HOLMES & EDWARDS

Sterling Inlaid Silverplate

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I dreamed I was Cinderella in my

*maidenform bra

Who needs a glass slipper... or a fairy godmother! Maidenform is more than magic for me! I'm straight out of a fairy tale... a picture-book figure to fall in love with. No wonder I'll wear Maidenform happily ever after!*

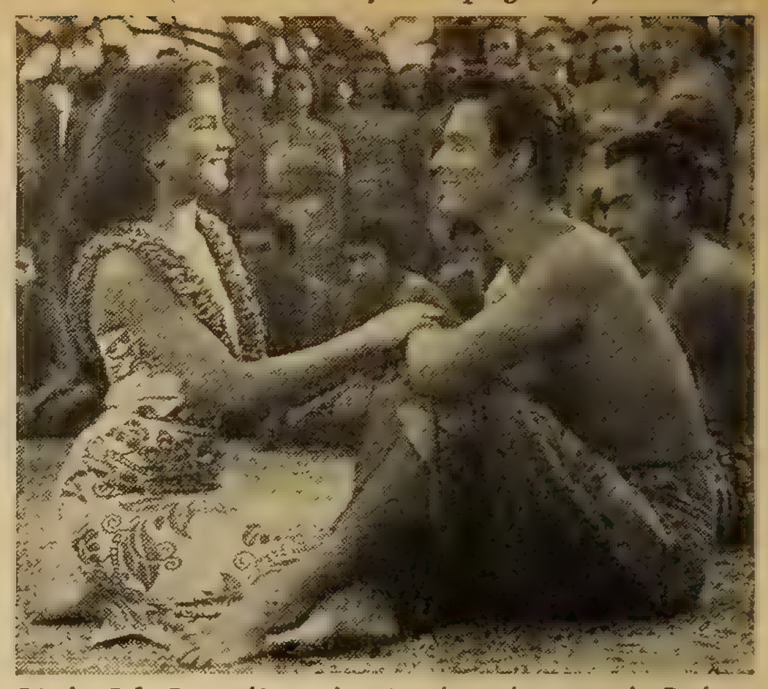
Shown: Maidenform's **New** *Maidenette* Strapless re-designed for fabulous comfort—in white satin with nylon marquisette insert; also available in black. Other versions in white broadcloth or satin with lace inserts... from 1.75. Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, N. Y. 16.*

*There is a **maidenform** for every type of figure.*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1951, Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc.
Costume: Cacciola-Broillet Shoes: Julianelli*



(Continued from page 13)



Bird Of Paradise: Louis Jourdan and Debra Paget are as romantic as the south seas themselves in this saga of pagan love and sacrifice.

BIRD OF PARADISE

According to the 20th Century-Fox production notes, Delmer Daves, who had the task of bringing that ancient epic, *Bird of Paradise*, up to date, found the folk-tale he was dealing with, "So laden with beauty and pathos that, he admits, he was moved to tears in its writing." At the risk of appearing inartistic, I can only say I thought it was a riot. Jeff Chandler, a Polynesian chief's son, finds he can't abide civilization (he's been away at school) and so comes back to his island, bringing school pal Louis Jourdan for a short visit. Jourdan casts his eyes on the chief's daughter (Debra Paget) and vice versa. They get married. ("If you don't have children, bring your wife back here and your presents will be returned," the chief tells him.) Debra, who'll do anything for anybody, walks on coals of fire to prove to a certain holy man that her marriage is smiled upon by the gods, and eventually leaps into a volcano to save her village from annihilation. This is pretty hard on Jourdan, who has some funny French notions. The Technicolor is lovely, and so is the scenery (shot in Hawaii). I thought the molten lava was melted cheese, but I found out later an actual volcano was kind enough to oblige the studio by erupting.
Cast: Louis Jourdan, Debra Paget, Jeff Chandler, Everett Sloane.—20th Century-Fox.

SOLDIERS THREE

MGM, which is having itself a romance with Rudyard Kipling, follows *Kim* with *Soldiers Three*, based on a series of R.K. stories. Cyril Cusack, Robert Newton and Stewart Granger are cast as the three privates in His Majesty's service out in India or one of those pukka sahib places. These boys are wine and women fanciers, and you can keep the song. You can even keep the women. They practically ruin the lives of their officers, Colonel Walter Pidgeon and Captain David Niven, but later on they save the Empire in a way too long to describe here, and at one point they wear ladies' underthings; and Greta Gynt may be briefly glimpsed as a languorous blonde mysteriously called Crenshaw. Some really funny stuff in this.
Cast: Stewart Granger, Walter Pidgeon, David Niven.—MGM.

HE RAN ALL THE WAY

Escaping after a payroll robbery, John Garfield kills a policeman, gallops to a public swimming pool where he picks up Shelley Winters, and invites himself home with her.



He Ran All The Way: Tough little Shelley has met her match in John Garfield, who's a lot tougher and not nearly so pretty as la Winters.

When they get there, the cupboard, far from being bare, reveals a mother, a father, a small brother. John needs a place to hide out. He announces to the family that he's staying with them until he can make a getaway, and he punctuates his thoughts by waving a revolver. After that, he can't understand why nobody likes him. (Except Shelley, who loves him, though she hates herself for it.) "All I asked from you people," John says at one point, "is a place for a couple of days. You'd give as much to an alley cat." This would be a sympathetic speech, were it not for the fact that very few alley cats hit old men in the stomach, and shoot bullets across the dinner table, two pastimes John is addicted to. He doesn't make a good end, let me add.

Cast: John Garfield, Shelley Winters, Wallace Ford, Selena Royle.—United Artists.

APPOINTMENT WITH DANGER

Postal inspector Alan Ladd is sent to Gary, Indiana, to investigate the murder of a fellow inspector. Disposal of the murdered inspector's body was witnessed by nun Phyllis Calvert, and Alan, who uses the Sister to help him track down some of the villains involved, begins to worry over her safety. Alan, I might as well point out, is described in the picture as a hard-boiled skeptic. Everybody keeps saying things like, "Well, you wouldn't know; you're not human." How they came to this conclusion escapes me since he seemed in all things thorough, polite, and perfectly normal. But I won't quibble. This is a good exciting picture—the murder is all mixed up with a million-dollar postal robbery plan, crooks include Paul Stewart, Jack Webb, and Henry Morgan (who does a masterful job with a bit part), and Jan Sterling has some nice moments as a moll who's tired of molling.

Cast: Alan Ladd, Phyllis Calvert, Paul Stewart, Jan Sterling.—Paramount.

THE LEMON DROP KID

Loosely resembling the Damon Runyon short story from which it was taken, *The Lemon Drop Kid* stars Bob Hope as a racetrack tout who nearly touts himself out of business. He gives the girlfriend of a gangster called Moose a tip. She bets it. The horse the *gangster* told her to bet wins. The horse Hope suggested she bet does not. Moose then figures Hope owes him ten thousand dollas, and gives him a month to raise it. Bob gets himself a city license (he's organizing a legal charity) and goes out ostensibly to collect money for an Old Dolls' (old ladies')

Last thing at night . . . first thing in the morning . . .

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And, of course, before any date these sensitive persons wouldn't think of omitting it. Listerine Antiseptic sends you forth with a welcome feeling of greater assurance that your breath is beyond suspicion . . . that you are indeed at your best. It freshens and sweetens, not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but usually for hours.

Undoubtedly, you are a Listerine Antiseptic user and know how wonderfully it contributes to your sense of well-being. If you are not, now is the time to begin. You will never regret it.

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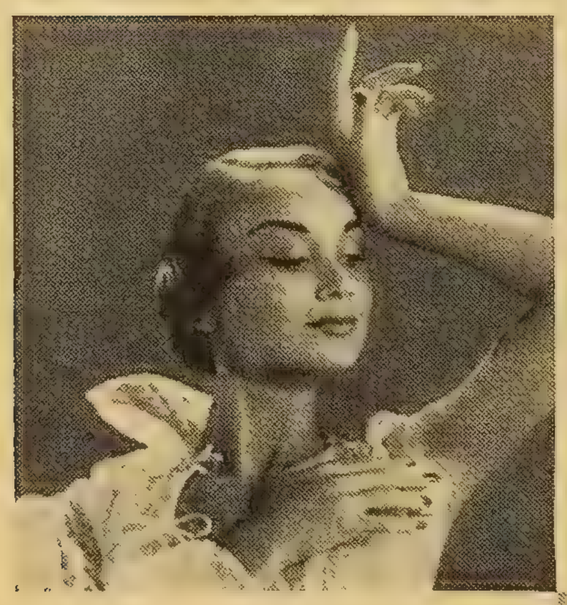
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Handsome Boudoir Pin Box ($1.00 Value)

Plus 59c Jar of 5-day Deodorant Pads—both only 59c!



It's the way you apply dainty 5-day Deodorant Pads that makes them keep under-arms dry and odorless so much longer than any other deodorant tested.

Each delightfully fragrant pad is saturated with mild yet very effective deodorant. You wipe it under arms—and throw it away. The cool, refreshing, close-up wiping action assures complete penetration. Gives far more reserve protection. Dries in seconds.

Nothing to smear on clothes or fingers! No drizzle to spray hit or miss! No drippy liquid! No clammy sticky feeling!

Far cleaner, faster, more effective, more economical. The greatest improvement in deodorants in years!

DAB A PAD! 8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than average of all leading brands tested.



THEN THROW IT AWAY! With it throw away hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria. The only deodorant tested that does not leave them under your arms.



harmless to skin and clothes

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The Lemon Drop Kid: Once more Bob wears a Damon Runyon story like a glove. A ladies' man, this time he starts a Home for Old Dolls. Home. Naturally he does not intend to give this money to any old dolls, he intends to save his own skin. Meantime another racketeer, Oxford Charlie (Lloyd Nolan) is on his trail. And so it goes. Picture has Marilyn Maxwell as showgirl Brainy Baxter, Jane Darwell as Nellie Thursday, and other characters called Sam the Surgeon, Gloomy Willie, Straight Flush, Singing Solly, Little Louie. Not Hope at his very best, but pretty funny.

Cast: Bob Hope, Marilyn Maxwell, Lloyd Nolan, Jane Darwell.—Paramount.

ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE

This seemed like a very superior Western to me, with a sort of John Ford flavor. Tells about U.S. Marshal Kirk Douglas stopping a lynching party, only to find he's stuck with it. Old Walter Brennan's been accused of murdering a rancher's son, and the rancher's determined to hang him. Kirk wants to take Brennan into Santa Loma for a fair trial. Brennan doesn't care for either side of the argument. He didn't murder the boy, but he figures he'll hang for it, trial or no trial, so he wants Kirk to let him run for the border. Especially since Kirk likes his daughter (Virginia Mayo). But Kirk's a hard man. Discovering that the rancher and pals intend to ambush him on the way to Santa Loma, Kirk decides that he'll take Brennan over a different route, across the desert. Along on this cheerful trip are Brennan's daughter, two deputy marshals, and the remaining son of the vengeful rancher, as a hostage. This is a mean cuss, very inferior to his murdered brother. The party's water bags give out, the water hole they plan on reaching has turned bad when they get there, everyone except the marshal grows trigger-happy, and it's engrossing, right up to the last minute. *Cast: Kirk Douglas, Virginia Mayo, John Agar, Walter Brennan.*—Warner Brothers.

FOLLOW THE SUN

A golfer's lot is not a happy one, despite the fact he goes to nice warm places, children. In this inspirational story of Ben Hogan, who was, and is, a brave man and a fine golf player, Fox doesn't miss a trick. Starts with the little Ben and little Valerie (his future wife), has 'em grow up, marry, tour the country trying to make a place in the golfing world. Gallery (spectators) bother Ben, but he finally carves himself a niche. Then his near-fatal accident, the long painful recovery, the letters from well-wishers which



Follow The Sun: Glenn Ford, as Ben Hogan, tells the dramatic story of the life of a professional golfer. Anne Baxter plays Hogan's wife.

make Ben see the "gallery" is rooting for him. So back to the courses on sick legs, determined to repay everybody's belief. There are real golfers in this one (Glenn Ford plays Hogan, but Sam Snead, James Demaret and Cary Middlecoff appear as themselves) and Dennis O'Keefe is seen as a happy-go-lucky champ and ex-champ who marries an heiress and drinks too much.
Cast: Glenn Ford, Anne Baxter, Dennis O'Keefe, June Havoc.—20th Century-Fox.

LULLABY OF BROADWAY

Love is stronger than the bottle, or waltz me around again Gene Nelson, is Doris Day's motto. She's been living in England for some years, and now she arrives in New York to pay a surprise visit to her mama (Gladys George). Mama used to be a musical comedy star, but she's presently a large scale drunk. Doris, who never reads the papers, believes her mother is still the hottest thing on the New York stage, and is passionate to see her. She goes to the fancy address where mama's supposed to live, is treated kindly by Billy De Wolfe and Ann Triola, a vaudeville team, working as servants in the house—and is sugar-daddied by S. Z. Sakall. Can you see the handwriting on the wall? Did you know S.Z. was going to back a Broadway musical? In Technicolor? There are old songs by Gershwin, Cole Porter.
Cast: Doris Day, Gene Nelson, S. Z. Sakall, Billy De Wolfe.—Warner Brothers.

GO FOR BROKE

A tribute to Japanese-American war heroes who fought in World War II is tendered by MGM. Story follows bigoted Lieutenant Van Johnson, and the Japanese soldiers under him through basic training, and thence to France and Italy, where gradually Van learns to be a nice unprejudiced boy, and stops longing for transfer to the Texas outfit where all his old pals are. Picture deals with the problems that confronted Japanese-American soldiers, many of them bitter because their families were in relocation centers, all of them anxious to prove their own loyalty by fighting. It's full of G.I. humor, too, and I think the soldiers participating are all actual vets. If that's true, their acting's astonishing. They're better than pros. Some good but belated points are made here. This is a vote of thanks the Japanese-Americans have had coming to them for a long time.
Cast: Van Johnson, Lane Nakano, George Miki, Akira Fukunaga.—MGM.

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In SLIM, golden tubes,
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To get any of these star-selected items, just write to the shops mentioned below each picture, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card if you like). Your selection will be rushed to any address you name. MODERN SCREEN guarantees delivery. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. Money will be returned on any items that are returned within 10 days after delivery. Only monogrammed merchandise cannot be returned.

shelley winters

your hollywood shopper

for june

Photos of Shelley Winters made at Lydia Kessler, Ltd., New York



Ever see a kid outside a candy store? That's the way Shelley Winters looked window shopping.

■ Hi. I'm Shelley Winters and I've been shopping. Look!

In the movies I'm usually fancied up with a bustle, a la *Frenchie*. They're fun to switch around in, but when it comes to spending my tax-peeled salary, I'm ultra-modern. MODERN SCREEN appreciates the plight of us bachelor girls, and asked me to share my shopping savvy with all of you. And, like any woman, there's nothing I'd rather do than give advice—so lend an ear.

All of us have a man or two on our minds, so of course I've looked out for them. Some things are for that 'older man' we all adore—namely Dad—who has his day in June. Others will let that special guy know how much you like him.

Being a firm believer in the saying about 'bread cast upon the waters', I picked up a lot of bridal and shower gifts. (It's the time of year when anything can happen, you know.) Bread nothing! These are so good they're cake.

And they come from all over the U. S. After all, like the columnists say, I'm a gal who gets around.

And when you gals get around to ordering these things, just write directly to the stores mentioned under each picture. That's all there is to it.

So that's it, kids. I've had my say, and lots of fun. See you.



EYEGLASS CASE ON DOUBLE-DUTY. *Twin compartments in this smart moiré silk taffeta case offer safe storage for both reading and sun glasses. Nothing gets me in more of a frenzy than hunting for misplaced sun specs so this case is a real find. It fits into a purse, pocket or your hand. Comes in wine, navy or green with contrasting lining, and sports a small gold clasp. $1.95. Schaffer Gift House, 246 Morris Ave., Springfield, New Jersey.*



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MAKE IT AN INDIAN SUMMER *with gay cowhide moccasins. Fringed, hand-beaded and hand-laced, they add zip to any outfit. Airfoam inner soles make them so comfy you'll hate to take them off. John Garfield fell for the pair I kept on the set of* He Ran All The Way, *so I got him the men's version (without beads or fringe). In Palomino Gold, Green, White, Red, Black. Men's, women's sizes. $5.95. Miller's Curio Co., 256 E. Congress St., Tucson, Arizona.*

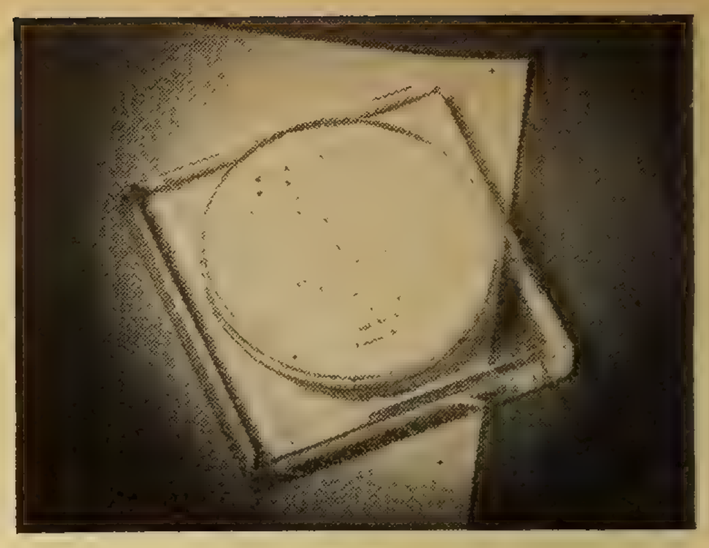
shelley winters

your hollywood shopper

for june



Romance runs rampant in June so I decided to invite Cupid along for his special shopping advice.



WEIGHTED DOWN WITH GLAD TIDINGS. *Wedding memories are preserved for posterity in this attractive and useful lucite paper weight. Send in your invitation or announcement to be reproduced in miniature and mounted in a 3"x3¾" base. June graduates can have diplomas copied for a permanent record of their scholastic achievements. The data you send is returned intact. $3.00. Keepsake Shops, 112 48th St., Union City 8, New Jersey.*



ANYONE YOU KNOW GETTING MARRIED? *Here's an adorable wedding present I've chosen for friends who are being married June 6. It's a Vermont maple bowl, 9" wide, personalized with the guy's and gal's name, wedding date, or any special inscription. The bride and groom are colorfully done on a white or natural background. A grand memento and useful too. $3.20. Stratton Snow, P. O. Box 152 M No. Swinton Ave., Delray Beach, Florida.*



IT'S FINE TO BE "FRAMED", *only if it means you'll be able to take a peek in this charming rococo mirror. Mine sits atop my dressing table, so I know. French-gold or off-white pressed wood frame with plate glass mirror, it has an easel back for standing, or it can be hung on the wall. Also attractive over a chest of drawers or hung in pairs. 15"x11½", $5.50; 21"x13½", $8.95. Henry Rosenzweig, 723 Lexington Ave., New York 22.*



STAND WAIST HIGH IN COMPLIMENTS *in this handsome, hand-stitched belt of natural bridle leather. Original design, and made to measure, this smart waist-cincher is accented by a heavy solid brass horseshoe fob. It's a wonderful accessory for suits or slacks. Actually, my pet way of wearing it during the summer is with shorts, but I'll use it all-year round. Send waist size. $7.50. Metz Originals, Red Lion Road, Philadelphia 14, Pennsylvania.*

BE MORE LOVELY



Create your own curly locks with *Cemi-Curl*, the first pin curl home permanent. In only 45 minutes it gives you loose curls with the right body to look natural and lovely. No curlers; no resetting. Just pin up hair with special Cemi-Curl bobby pins, apply lotion neutralizer and dry. Mild solution, prepared and tested by beauty experts, it's safe for blended or tinted hair; even children's. Complete kit $2.80. (Refill $1.80.)

FROSTY CREME PRODUCTS
4555 DELMAR BLVD., ST. LOUIS 8, MO.



AWARD FOR YOUR MRS. DEGREE. *Any of these smart wedding bands would do a wife proud. 14-K. white or yellow gold band centered with five genuine zircons in fishtail mounting, $12.50. Or how about a wide silver band, hand carved in floral pattern, mounted with rhinestones, $7.50. Also smart is a gold-filled band, bordering a ring of simulated rubies, diamonds, sapphires or emeralds, $7.50. Give ring size. Sanlys, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



PICTURE CARD FOR A "NATURAL" CANASTA. *I had these double canasta decks made up with my picture on them to give Mom and Pop for their next anniversary. It's a swell gift for your very special people too. They're standard canasta decks of 108 cards, with your choice of photo on each. Send in your snapshot and allow about two weeks for delivery. Single canasta deck, $5.85. Double deck, $10.95. Photo Playing Cards, Room 310, 752 Fulton St., Fresno, California.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



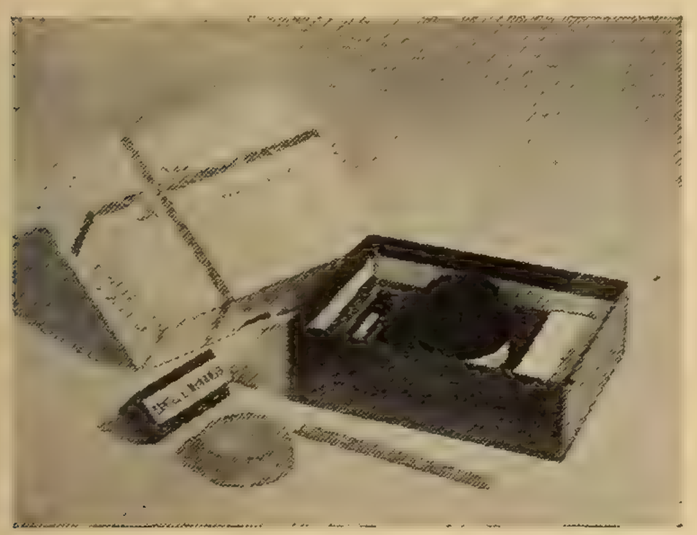
"SOMETHING BLUE" THAT RINGS TRUE. *A June bride can no more get married without bridal garters than she can without the groom. This pair she'll find absolutely irresistible, I'm sure. They're almost giving me ideas. A dainty satin wedding bell with "pearl" clapper bedecks the satin garter edged in real chantilly lace. Blue with white bell, or vice versa. They make a sweet shower gift too. $3.50. Hortense B. Hewitt, 37 W. 39 St., New York 18.*



MUSICAL BARRELS OF FUN. *Tiny tunesters atop wooden barrels form a quaint orchestra that lovers of miniatures will find irresistible. Colorful musicians, about 2" high, play an accordion, banjo, sax and various string instruments. Dressed in gay costumes, they're a bright start for your collection. I was thrilled to add them to the group on my mantel. 39¢ each; set of six, $1.89. Get them at Terry Roberts, 116 E. 53 St., New York 22.*



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER SHOULDER BAGS *made in romantic Guatemala bring you a lifetime of beauty and service. Of natural-colored Palomino cowhide, hand-tooled in charming designs with that smart Latin styling. Unlined and perfect for sportswear, with full length adjustable straps. I've sent a set as a gift and, of course, got one myself. Large bag 8"x10", $11.58. Small one, $5.70. Set $16.80. Bropar, Box 999, Dept. 635, San Antonio 6, Texas.*



NAME IT, AND IT'S YOURS! *Use your own name stamp on your belongings, or initial them with a lettering stylus to show they're yours. Perfect for a bride, camper, bachelor or serviceman, this personalized Name Kit marks laundry or travel accessories quickly, indelibly. Kit includes a plastic stamper, lettering stylus, marking block, and bottle of indelible ink. Print name desired. $2.00. Gemma, Dept. MS, 509 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



BABY BIRTH TILE GOES DUTCH. *Memento of an historic event in any family, the arrival of a new-born. Holland tile-makers design, fire and glaze plaques of a quaint cradle with baby's name, place, date and clock giving hour of birth. White tile with delft blue pattern, or white with gay popular color. 6"x6". Print all data for lettering on tile. Please allow four weeks delivery. $5.85. R. Mendels, Inc., Dept. MS, 41 E. 42 St., New York 17.*



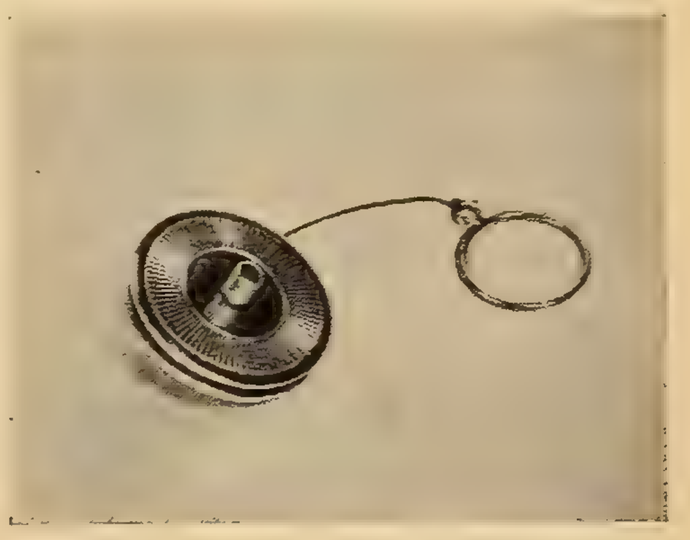
HOW TO REALLY SOFT SOAP A GUY! *Here's a farewell gift for a serviceman that'll make him remember you fondly . . . French-milled cold cream soap cakes imprinted with his insignia, name and rank. For hard or soft water. Makes it easy for him to keep tabs on his soap, and what a luxury! Give insignia, name, rank. Gift box that holds 4 cakes costs $1.50; 6 cakes, $2.25. Tucker Personalized Soap Co., 5 Larson Bldg., Clifton, New Jersey.*



CLOTHES BRUSH WITH HIDDEN ASSETS. *A guy who likes to travel light will welcome this utility brush case whether he's off on his own or with Uncle Sam. Perfect for Pop. Brush with tan cowhide top zips open to reveal a set of toilet articles . . . razor, 2 blades, brushless shave cream, nylon bristle toothbrush, tooth paste, comb and nail file. It's really a handy dandy. $6.00. Leed's Luggage Shop, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



MINIATURE MANICURING SET FOR TRAVEL. *All the tools for well-gromed nails go into this tiny portable leather-covered case. Lipstick-shaped, it's fitted with tweezers, orange stick, nail file, and emery board. Ideal for any gal who's on the go 'cause it slips easily into a handbag, pocket or suitcase, takes up little space. Mine is always with me, both on the set and when I'm off on a junket. In assorted colors, $1.95. Greenhall, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 17.*



DO YOU KNOW A YOYO *when you see one? It's a childhood game that's worth resurrecting. I love showing it to my friends' kids 'cause it gives me a chance to play it myself. It's a spool of thread made so that when you hold the cord and jerk your wrist the "Yoyo" rides up and down, winding and unwinding the spool. It's lots easier than it sounds and more fun. Golden disk and nylon cord. $1.00. Jimmy Berger, 1620 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.*

Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

shelley winters
your hollywood shopper
for june





THE LIGHT OF YOUR LIFE *permanently fixed on a smart Evans automatic cigarette lighter. A copy of your favorite photo of yourself, hubby, offspring or best beau can now be specially processed on this dependable lighter. A transparent plastic coating protects the photo once it's on. Makes a wonderful Father's or Mother's Day gift. Send photo, which will be returned. $5.00. My-Art Co., 4128 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 36, California.*



A CUTE PLASTIC "CUT-UP." *The young mothers I know say here's a wonderful pair of scissors for the small fry. He's a red and white toy giraffe, whose long neck opens like a scissors' blades, easily, harmlessly. His diet is paper, and he is absolutely non-destructive. His edges are nice and blunt. He comes in his own paper zoo with 11 of his colorful cut-out cronies, including Elsie the Elephant. 50¢. B. C. Moses, 4313 Austin St., Houston 4, Texas.*



PERFECT TO THE LAST POLKA-DOT. *The South American poncho inspired the top of these comfy seersucker pajamas. Sleeveless and open-neck, they're cool and airy as can be. Drawstring ties on the side, avoids the usual bumpy buttons. Roomy trousers have an adjustable waistband. Crisp, they wash in a jiffy, need no ironing. Red or blue coin polka-dots on white top; bottom in reverse print. Sizes 12-18. $6.11. Jonas Shops, 62 W. 14 St., New York 11.*



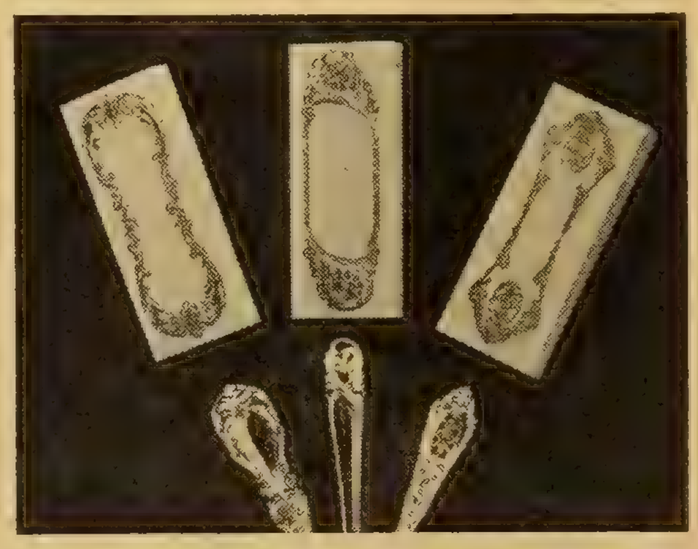
CERAMIC SNUFFERS THAT SPOUT SMOKE. *The first time I used these fascinating fellows, I could hardly believe my eyes. As my candles went out, the snuffers seemed to exhale smoke. One, a chartreuse devil, blew it out of his mouth, the other, a red gargoyle, breathed it through his nostrils like a miniature fire-breathing dragon. Practical and decorative pieces for any mantel. $2.00 each. Finlandia House, 1027 N.E. Albertha, Portland, Oregon.*



BARE-ARMED BLOUSE WITH CHIC. *Styled to perfection, this crisp piqué blouse will take you faithfully through the season. Its sleeveless nature is "suited" to May and takes to slacks, shorts, or cotton skirts over the summer. Round-neck, simple, yet sophisticated, and accented with buttons and tucks in just the right places. It comes in navy, grey, natural. Sizes 10-18. $5.98. Margaret's, 121 N. B'way, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*



IT GIVES ITSELF A CHILL. *A special pocket inside this handblown green glass pitcher holds several ice cubes to cool your favorite drink, without diluting it. Imported from Italy, it holds two quarts of tea, coffee, fruit juice, milk, or even something more potent, iced to perfection. A raffia plug seals the ice compartment. Wonderful for entertaining the gang sweltering summer evenings. $3.95. Charm Creations, 2 East 23rd St., New York 10.*



PUT THEM IN THEIR PLACE, *graciously, smoothly, with these charming silver ink on white place cards, hand-engraved in designs to match sterling silver flatware. Designs are available for most every active sterling silver pattern. Just send us yours. They're sure to have your guest buzzing with compliments and will give your table special elegance. 12 for $1.50. 24 for $2.75. 48 for $4.80. Taylor's, 818 17th St. W., Denver, Colorado.*



GOOD LUCK WILL COME KNOCKING *on any door that displays these handsome twin horse shoes in solid brass. Shoes are well joined by hinges at each end, insuring many years of neighborly knocks on your front door. Comes highly polished so it's easy to keep clean and sparkling and it's a cinch to put up. Sis and I can't wait to put ours on the door of* our *"home sweet home." $4.50. The Kems Co., 536 Oakwood, Webster Groves 19, Missouri.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

An "Orange Blossom" Skin

Your complexion is smoother—clearer, too—with your First Cake of Camay!



MRS. JACK STANTON,
the former Marian Richards of California, is a recent—and lovely—Camay Bride

Doesn't Marian Stanton look like a story-book princess? Her hair is the color of spun gold—her eyes are azure. Yes, and Marian has a complexion soft and lovely as any heroine of fiction. Her *first cake* of Camay brought romantic new beauty to her skin!

Say "Camay" and Marian's eyes sparkle. "Camay smooths and freshens your complexion so quickly," she confides to friends. "Why, when I changed to regular care and mild, gentle Camay—my very *first cake* brought a clearer, softer look to my skin!"

You'll be lovelier, too—when you change to regular care—use Camay alone. Camay's lather is rich and creamy—just the kind you need to wake the sleeping beauty of your skin. Use Camay—and a softer, clearer complexion will be your reward!



Mild and gentle Camay—there's nothing finer!

Camay's gentle, creamy lather is sheer delight to use—it's soft as satin to your skin. And remember this—the larger cake, the thrifty "Beauty-Bath" size, is Camay at its finest. Use it for more lather—more luxury—more of everything you like about Camay!



New beauty for all your skin!

Bathe with gentle, rich-lathering Camay, too—give all your skin a luxurious beauty treatment! The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms and back and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance!

Camay

The Soap of Beautiful Women

"Spring-Morning" Freshness and Fragrance!



Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder

Keeps you cool, smooth, dainty—with the fragrance men love!

Recipe for warm weather comfort and daintiness: Out of bed . . . into your bath . . . then Cashmere Bouquet Talc *all over!* See how it absorbs every bit of moisture left on your skin after towelling. You'll love the silky-smooth "sheath of protection" it gives to those chafeable spots. And the *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet is the romantic fragrance men love, that lingers for hours and hours. Yes, every morning . . . and before every date . . . sprinkle yourself liberally with Cashmere Bouquet Talc!

Only 29¢ and 43¢

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet



Hand Lotion
Face Powder
Lipstick
All-Purpose Cream



This picture, taken just after her marriage to Black, is probably her last publicity photo.

the inside story of

why shirley quit

by Jim Burton

Modern Screen's reporter tells the simple, honest story of Shirley's simple, honest decision.

■ In Hollywood there is a firm and widespread belief that movie stars never quit—they simply fade away and die.

In the case of Shirley Temple, that belief was knocked for a loop.

Six months ago, Shirley Temple travelled to a secluded estate in Monterey, California, and stood beside a young man named Charles Black. In the presence of her parents and his immediate family, she vowed that she would love, honor, and cherish him, and that forever after she would remain plain Mrs. Black.

When she walked out of that house, she closed a door which she vows will never be reopened. With her husband, she returned to Brentwood, California, her home for many years, and drew down a curtain between herself and the public which she says will never be lifted. She announced to the eager press that she would never again submit to an interview or pose for their photographs. She said she would never appear in a picture again, speak on a radio program, or act on the stage. She quit with a finality that left no doubt about her sincerity, and, without (*Continued on page 93*)

PHOTOS BY BOB BEERMAN AND BEFT PARRY



Clark still lives in the Encino ranch house he shared with Carole Lombard. Sylvia has had the place redecorated with Clark's help—he gave a masculine touch to the decor.



Although Gable refuses to let the inside of the house be photographed, he considers himself public property. He says when fans stop asking for autographs, he'll worry; meanwhile he signs hundreds as he did on location for *Across the Wide Missouri*.

no guy like Gable



Though Hollywood is full of young Prince Charmings,

■ Ronald Colman ran his finger along his nose and peered questioningly at the ceiling.

"Clark Gable," he mused. "Clark Gable. Isn't he the new actor I've heard about?"

We were sitting in Ronnie's cottage at the Del Monte Hotel. It was about 18 years ago.

"He'd like to meet you, Ronnie," I said.

"Good enough," Ronnie answered. "I'd like to meet him, too."

When I offered to bring Gable over sometime, Colman answered, "Bring him over, nothing. He's a new guest here.



Sylvia brought new gaiety into Clark's life. Friends thought he would rebel at formal social affairs, but Gable seems to enjoy them now.

not one has shaken "King" Gable from his throne, and an old friend tells why • BY BOB FENDER

Why not really make him feel welcome by dropping in on *him.*"

So celebrity-weary Ronald Colman trailed along behind me as I found Gable's cottage and knocked on the door.

The meeting between the suave Colman and the eager lumberjack-turned-actor was something to see.

Big, bluff, handsome Clark, wearing a white turtle-neck sweater and grey slacks flung open the door.

He stood for a moment in amazement, then, when I introduced him to Colman, Gable grasped his hand firmly and said, "You know, Mr. Colman, I guess I'm your Number One admirer and I never expected to see you walk in my door—it was quite a shock."

Ronnie thanked him and settled down for a talk.

Colman wanted to hear the full story: how Clark got his break in pictures and what, in general, he thought of the whole business. Flattered, Clark didn't leave out a detail.

He'd just finished *Hell Divers,* one sequence of which showed him parachuting through space and landing kerplunk on the ground.

"D'ya know, Mr. Colman," he (*Continued on page 59*)

RING AROUND

Proposing is simple:
Down on one knee,
then pop the question.
Hollywood men do it
hundreds of times in the
movies. But for real—with
the girl they love—anything
can happen—and does.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ It was really most irregular, huffed the elegant salesman at Cartier's. However, a sale was a sale and—er, Mr. Topping was Mr. Topping—but at the Stork Club! What was the world coming to? He reached for his jewel case and jammed on his derby.

At the Stork, Bob Topping sipped a drink reflectively and then headed for the phone again. He felt particularly good.

And in her hotel room, Lana Turner felt particularly good and mad. It was late, she was all dressed and ready to go, and her toes tapped the rug furiously as she heard Bob drawl, "Honey, I'm held up at the Stork—be over soon as I can make it."

"Don't hurry!" snapped Lana. "Don't ever hurry for me!" and the receiver whacked down.

The diamonds that the salesman brought over were lovely—three marquises and a couple of emerald-cuts. Bob held them up to the light, tried them on his little finger, chuckled, and took his time. Kibitzers craned their necks, wondered and guessed. "This one will do," said Bob. "Charge it." Then he slipped it in his pocket, strolled out and flagged a taxi.

He was over an hour late for his date with Lana, and only the night before he'd said for the thousandth time that he loved her more than any girl in the world. When she opened the door sparks of disbelief were flying, and it just wasn't the time for explanations. But when they settled back in another cab he reached inside his pocket.

"Picked up a little souvenir at the Stork," he said.

"How interesting," snapped Lana. "What was she—blonde or brunette?"

"Thought you might like to see it," Bob answered calmly, "and maybe wear it, and learn to like it. Can you see what I mean?"

Lana saw what he meant by the lights of New York. She's worn that marquise diamond ring ever since, and the memory of that night, the angry tears, laughter, and the thrill stick with her. She thinks they always will. That was the night four years ago when she became engaged to be married.

There's never a ring in any girl's life like an engagement ring.

At one thrilling tick of time it is a magic ring, bringing unforgettable moments of romance—and some of those moments you could lift out of a fairy tale, or steal straight from the comics. Some could be ripped right from a movie script itself—like the moment when a copper-haired girl from Milwaukee turned into a grand duchess in her guy's eyes because of a ring.

One night last December this girl walked out of *South Pacific* humming "Younger Than Springtime" holding the hand of the man she loved. Later, when they went dancing at the St. Regis Roof, that was the first piece the orchestra played.

It was Arlene Dahl's birthday, and she was spending it with Lex Barker and his parents. Lex held her close as they danced to their special song, and then in the middle of the floor he stopped. His hand closed gently around her wrist and lifted it up. (*Continued on page 90*)



ROMANCE



June Allyson said "Yes" in a hurry. Dick proposed in the middle of traffic.



A DANCING MOTHER IS TOPS WITH HER SON and Terry couldn't be happier over Doris, marrying Marty Melcher; after all, he arranged the match by playing Cupid.

Gradually the talk turned from movie contracts to home furnishings, and Doris and Marty discovered that love had its foot in the door of their hearts.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

LOVE SNEAKED IN



Marty and Doris never got engaged; the change in their relationship from business manager and star to a couple in love was as subtle as a song without words.



The zestful star of *On Moonlight Bay* gives Beany and Smudge a tussle. The poodles will come along to the Melchers' new house.

■ Once upon a time—oh, maybe more than a year ago—a boy and girl were window shopping on an early spring evening. They strolled and stopped, and strolled and stopped and, every once in a while, they saw something that was worthy of particular attention. There was, for instance, a pickled pine early American breakfront with many drawers, and shelves and intricately designed glass doors. It was a splendid antique, mellow and rich looking.

The boy and girl stared at the breakfront for a long time in silence. And he thought: "It ought to be between the windows in the dining room, of course. Spode china on the shelves and four small ceramic ducks, Mallards, maybe, on the counter. The right hand drawer would be just right for a few tools. A man has to have tools about to fix things."

And the girl thought: "It would just fit between the dining room windows. Crystal on the shelves and a long, old fashioned lace runner on the counter. Maybe there'd be someplace in it for some of his tools. Men never use them, but they're idiots for tools."

After a while the boy and girl walked on. Window shopping, that's all, but they were engaged. Neither one said anything about love, or engagement, or marriage. But no boy and girl were ever more engaged. Often it happens that way. Even if the girl is Doris Day, a movie star, and the boy is Marty Melcher, a famous Hollywood agent. Together, they look into a store window and begin furnishing a home in which they know they will live together.

Just a month or so ago, Marty (*Continued on page 73*)



IT TAKES COURAGE AND COMMON SENSE TO MAKE A MARRIAGE WORK. IT TAKES TWO PEOPLE IN LOVE.

madly in Love

by Ruth Cummings Rowland

FOR HER FIRST BABY—A SURPRISE SHOWER WITH JANE'S WHOLE GANG ON HAND FOR THE FESTIVITIES.



Ready to "ooh" and "ahh", Ann Blyth and Piper Laurie help Jane with the unwrapping of her shower presents. Betty Lynn gave the party which was held at Thistle Inn.



Betty Lynn beams at Jane who's delighted with these baby booties. Jane's and Betty's mothers are good friends; Geary likes to take them both out. "I hope you marry someone like him," Betty's mother tells her.

■ This is the love story of Jane Powell and Geary Steffen who never needed a magic wand to make their dreams come true. They only needed each other. They were married 18 months ago, but they've already celebrated enough anniversaries to last them a lifetime.

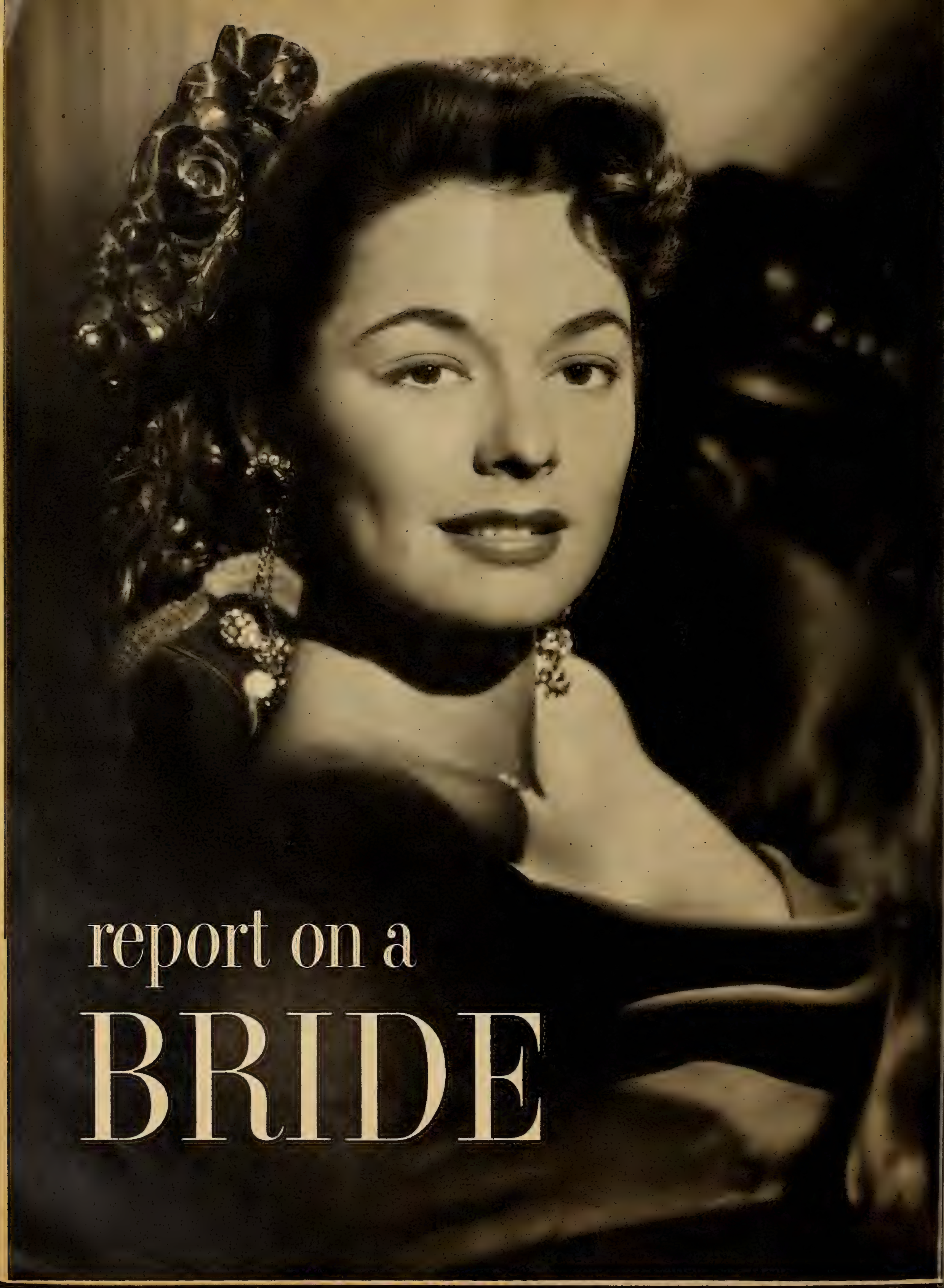
The day they met. . . . the day they fell in love . . . the day he bought the ring—these are the times they relive. The day they moved into their first apartment . . . the day they got their house in Brentwood—all this is part of their story which is so unlike a Hollywood tale that all Hollywood talks about it.

In a town where love comes up like thunder and rides out on the rainbow, where fame distorts values as grotesquely as a carnival mirror, these two have found real happiness. More important than all the goods in the world to Jane are her husband, their home and the baby they are so breathlessly awaiting.

Why is it that the future seems so bright for the Steffens when for others it is only a question of time (*Continued on page 102*)



Pregnant during *Royal Wedding*, Jane wouldn't quit even when ill. Her spunk won her new friends. Popular Jane had many old pals at her shower, including Polly Bergen, Joan Evans, Amanda Blake, Joan Leslie.



report on a BRIDE



Ruth wed Morty Hall on December 17th.

Brides get engaged

first—but not Ruth.

Newlyweds honeymoon

—but not the Halls.

She's flying alone

to Honolulu, but

they'll come

back together.

BY FRANCES CLARK

When I told Ruth Roman that the editors of MODERN SCREEN had asked me to get a report on her honeymoon, she looked at me and exclaimed, "Report on a honeymoon! Don't make me laugh. Morty and I left straight for the studio that Saturday night after I'd finished the day's work on *Strangers On A Train*. We arrived in Las Vegas at four Sunday morning, December 17th, and were marred at five. We returned to Hollywood that afternoon to his house, and I was at work the next morning. Right after that picture finished, I went into *Tomorrow Is Another Day*. I'm hoping to get away to Honolulu as soon as this picture's over for a few weeks at least. *Maybe* Morty can fly over to join me for *one week*. He's a busy man, you know. He's business manager of Station KLAC. *Maybe* he can't join me there at all. And *maybe* I won't even be able to get there myself. What we're really counting on as our honeymoon is a couple of weeks in New York this fall—back where we met. I'll tell you something about our first meeting I haven't told anyone else. We had an argument the first thing. Morty is very much like me. Very independent, quick-tempered and all that."

"What did you fight about then?" I pried.

"Oh, probably television and motion pictures. Something like that," her eyes twinkled and she dismissed the subject by saying, "I forget what it was about."

"And did you really invite him then to be your date to a show that evening, even providing the tickets yourself?"

"Sure. To *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Here I was, a Hollywood movie star without a date. So I just *asked* him. It wasn't love at first sight, but I was certainly attracted. I had no idea of marrying him when I left New York to return here. But I was regretful that I couldn't stay there longer to see what *might* develop. Then, of course, he came out here to take over at KLAC and things had a chance to develop." (*Continued on page 86*)



Housemother Marie Cote of "The House of the Seven Garbos" arranged a surprise bridal shower for Ruth, a former tenant. Morty helped plan it.



The "Garbos" are all young actresses working for movie breaks. Ruth moved to the house when she first came to Hollywood as a $75-a-week starlet.



Honeymoon House

Jean and Stewart Grangers' new eight-room house sprawls high above Los Angeles. Built on the cliffs, the interior covers three levels.

Jean was 15 when Stewart first smiled at her across a crowded room. That was in England seven years ago. Last December a grown up Jean married her handsome 40-year-old Englishman.



■ "Darling," whispered the lean, handsome, 40-year-old bridegroom, "remind me to spend all my future honeymoons at home."

"I'll remind you," promised the sweet, 22-year-old bride, "because that's where I'll be spending mine."

The time was New Year's Eve, 1951; Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger were sitting in front of the fireplace of their new home munching hot dogs and sipping cokes. Eleven days before they had been married in the First Methodist Church of Tucson, Arizona, and now they were welcoming in the New Year and their new love. After three years of courtship and separation, this was a quiet climax to an international romance, a romance which began in England seven years ago when Jean was 15, and Stewart was a movie star who had waved across a theater to her.

Their wedding ceremony had been quiet, too. The only attendant had been Stewart's close friend, Michael Wilding.



Wrought-iron, glass-topped tables deck out the many flagstone terraces for the romantic, informal dining Jean and Stewart love. The white stucco and red tile house is of Spanish design, and snuggles into the Bel Air hillside.



English Jean admits they're "simply dotty over having a pool in our backyard." It's free form, lit from inside, and can be heated. They center most of their parties around it, and adore moonlight dips.

Mr. Granger asked Mrs. Granger, "Where to for our honeymoon?" She smiled and said what he wanted to hear, "Home, James."

BY MARVA PETERSON

He had given the bride away and had doubled as best man. Instead of flying to Hawaii or Niagara Falls after the brief service, the radiantly happy pair had boarded a plane for California and had moved into their newly purchased home ($65,000) in the swanky Bel Air section of Los Angeles.

"Our kind of honeymoon may not seem romantic to others," Jean Simmons explains, "but for us it's perfect. Jimmie and I (Granger's real name is James Stewart) have a theory that by beginning our marriage in the ordinary, everyday way it must be lived, our honeymoon will never end. At least, that's our theory."

Practical or theoretical, the Grangers' new home is a beautiful setting in which to start any marriage. The big, sprawling eight-room house is solidly built of white stucco, red tile, and has several flagstone terraces. It spreads over four levels of a hillside lot and has (*Continued on page 62*)



Some furniture, like the tortoise-scale coffee table, came with the house. But Stewart sent to England for his precious period pieces, paintings, and objets d'art. The dining room (*below*) is very formal.





Ann Blyth and Dick

Contino agree on a lot

of things. They agree most of

all that love is wonderful—and

not to be trifled with.

BY STEVE CRONIN

THE ODD

■ It was a beautiful sight no matter who you were, and even if you didn't know who they were.

It was at the Los Angeles International Airport. A number of planes were getting ready to take off, and the station room was buzzing with activity. Red Caps were bouncing baggage onto hand trucks and ticket agents were scribbling away on long forms at the head of long lines of impatient travelers. A boy and a girl walked in. They stood in the center of the room for a moment, then walked through a doorway to the wire fence that separated them from the airfield.

They stood in front of the wire fence and looked at one another. He was tall, dark, wavy-haired and pretty young. She was almost tiny, green-eyed, lovely and pretty young, too. The wind whipped at them, and he took the lapels of her fur coat and moved them the better to cover her. Then his hand slipped to hers and they looked for all the world like a couple of people shaking hands.

But if you got very close, you could see that they weren't. All you had to see was their eyes—and the way they looked at each other—to know they were holding hands. Not demonstratively, but still holding hands, as though they meant something to one another.

"Ann Blyth," a voice on a loud speaker said. "Will Miss



Ann lives with her Aunt Cissie and Uncle Pat. Her father died when she was a child, her mother soon after she came to Hollywood. Ann feels that a single girl is happiest with the guidance and protection of loved ones.



Ann met handsome, accordion player Dick Contino at a friend's house. However both were shy, and it was eight months before they had a date.

FASHIONED WAY

Ann Blyth please report to the TWA ticket office immediately."

The girl looked unhappy. Time was passing too fast.

The speaker clicked on again, and another voice broke in.

"Dick Contino," it said. "Will Mr. Dick Contino please report to American Airlines ticket window."

The boy looked scared and held on tighter to the girl's hand. They stood that way for a long time, neither speaking, both taking a long, deep drink of the other's face, so they would remember all of the details. Yes, it was a gorgeous sight. Ann Blyth, truly Hollywood's favorite daughter, seemed to be in love. It was something Hollywood had waited to see a long, long time.

There was no kiss. Dick dropped Ann's hand and took a step back.

"So long," he said. "See you when you get back." Or something like that.

And, although her answer was drowned out by the roar of a huge motor right then, she probably said, "You sure will. Have a good trip."

Then they both turned, and walked away in opposite directions. He climbed aboard an airliner to Chicago—and she walked up the gangplank of another that was to eventually drop her in London, England—for four long months.

Is Dick Contino in love with Ann Blyth? Well, he doesn't run around the streets yelling he is, but he doesn't deny it, and any fool who knows the anatomy of romance would bet a week's pay check that he's head over heels in love with her. Is Ann Blyth in love with Dick Contino? Well, that is a much more difficult question. But the few people who know her really well say that if she isn't, she is closer to being in love with him than she ever has been with anyone else—and, they add, if she isn't, she's balmy.

There are a lot of folks in Hollywood, columnists, press agents, directors, fellow actors and studio workers who will tell you that Ann Blyth is an enigma. They say that she is a misfit, doesn't belong in pictures. Ought to be in a nunnery or on a farm, or wherever atmosphere is celebrated for its wholesomeness. And there is a clique of observers who hold that she is a shrewd, prudish, narrow young woman without a heart, and entirely lacking in gaiety. Well, for the record, all of them are wrong.

Ann Blyth, at 22, is about as normal a young lady as you will find in America. She is no more of an enigma than the mother you left back on the farm. As a matter of fact, she is a younger version. Her talent, demonstrated a dozen times in roles that go down in the books of (*Continued on page 64*)


RINGLING BROS
AND
BARNUM & BAILEY
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
BILL BAILEY—
AFTERNOON AND NIGHT
BEGINNING SUNDAY
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
33
WED. NIGHT
41
Jimmy Stewart will look like this throughout the movie. Study the makeup well if you want to recognize him.

PHOTOS BY IKE VERN



Cornel Wilde is solely concerned with high-flying in the movie circus. He plays Sebastian, in love with Betty Hutton. Off camera Cornel is always around the bareback riders' quarters, practicing how to stunt ride.



Betty Hutton pestered DeMille to let her play the Trapeze Girl. Not content to parade in fine feathers, she trained for months to learn her daring tricks from famed Antoinette Concello.

Charles Saxon
Editor
Modern Screen
New York City

Dear Chuck,

You're crazy if you think this is going to be the long, detailed report you asked for. Too much is going on here that I don't want to miss, so I'm going to let you have it fast and furious. Hold on.

I've been coming down here to the Ringling Brothers circus for eleven years now, and I've developed corns on both ears from listening to superlatives. But this year everyone agrees that nothing like this ever happened to the circus. Reason? Cecil B. DeMille is here completing his two-year stint (and stunt) of producing a film titled, logically enough, *The Greatest Show on Earth.*

This morning, when I got to the lot, instead of finding the circus busily rehearsing its own show, I found a fantastic set-up of lights and cameras and extras and technicians—and right in the middle of it, the great DeMille himself, surrounded by some of Hollywood's brightest (*Continued on page 44*)

Sarasota, Florida:

Pre-e-e-senting the Gorgeous,

Glittering, Gargantuan

Gran'daddy of Show

Business, Hollywood's own

Technicolor circus.

BY IKE VERN

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH



Charlton Heston (*left*) plays the circus manager. Here Cecil B. DeMille directs a scene wherein Heston stops aerialists Wilde and Hutton from doing their act because of a frayed rope.



DeMille explains a particular bit of villainy to Lyle Bettger, a jealous elephant trainer in the film. (*Below*) Dottie Lamour, a great tease, gave the boys in Clown Alley real competition.



continued from preceding page



BETTY HUTTON'S INCREDIBLE NERVE AND SKILL THRILLED EVEN THE

The Greatest Show on Earth: Hollywood stars literally risk their lives to film this great circus movie. These pages tell only part of the story of the courage and realism behind every breath-taking scene.

stars. As a matter of fact, just as I walked in, Betty Hutton was finishing her "Free-hand Balance" trick—an innocuous description for swinging on a trapeze bar, 50 feet up, and just standing there, without holding on to anything! There must've been hundreds of people breaking into spontaneous applause when Betty came down. DeMille walked over to her, kissed her, and gave her a silver coin (more about that later). Then he turned around, signalled to an assistant director, and the cameras started rolling into position for the next shots.

I took a quick look around. Off to one side, Cornel Wilde was in earnest conversation with Captain Hyer, the famous circus horseman. Cornel plays the part of an aerialist in the picture, but I hear he's been taking plenty of instruction in trick riding, all on his own, and generally puts in an hour at it before breakfast. I mention this because it's one indication of what has been happening here since the Californians invaded Florida—the steadily growing friendship and respect between the film people and the circus performers. There's more talent and guts on exhibition here every day than on any 10 lots on earth, and everyone here is well aware of it.

Take Dottie Lamour, hanging from a rope by her teeth, doing a fast spin 35 feet above the circus sawdust . . . or Gloria Grahame, winding up an intricate routine with elephants by doing the "Foot-and-Face" trick, just to mention two. All Dottie had to do was have a special bit designed for her teeth, then spend six or seven weeks strengthening her neck muscles. (*Continued on page 89*)



PROFESSIONAL RINGLING TRAPEZE ARTISTS AS THEY WATCHED HER DO AIR LEAPS AND TURNS FROM FLYING SWINGS HIGH IN THE BIG TOP.



The sound boom swings out, the cameras turn, and the big Elephant Scene is underway. Epic-maker DeMille has conquered overwhelming technical difficulties in problems of lighting and production. Circus-owner North appears in the picture, as do hundreds of Big Top regulars.



Dorothy Lamour, the "Iron Jaw" girl, hangs by her teeth, spins in the air 35 feet up. She practiced weeks strengthening her neck muscles.



To make this an authentic record of circus life, technicians made shots and recorded grandstand crowds attending actual performances.



Bob Stack dated Irene Wrightsman for over three years, after her divorce from Fred McEvoy, but they never wed.



Kirk was being sued for divorce when he met Irene over a year ago. She has a daughter; Kirk has two sons.



Kirk and his first wife, Diana Dill, were divorced in January after six years of marriage. "Kirk was a perfectionist . . . I was happy-go-lucky," Diana said.



Irene was only 19 when she married Australian playboy, Freddie McEvoy, in 1943. Irene's father threatened to disown her.

For over a year Kirk Douglas and Irene Wrightsman have been almost inseparable . . . will marriage finally unravel the tangled threads of their past lives?

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON

Background for Marriage

■ On January sixth of this year Kirk Douglas obtained his final divorce decree from Diana Dill.

In the weeks that followed all Hollywood expected Kirk to marry lovely, baby-faced Irene Wrightsman, daughter of the twenty-fourth richest man in the United States.

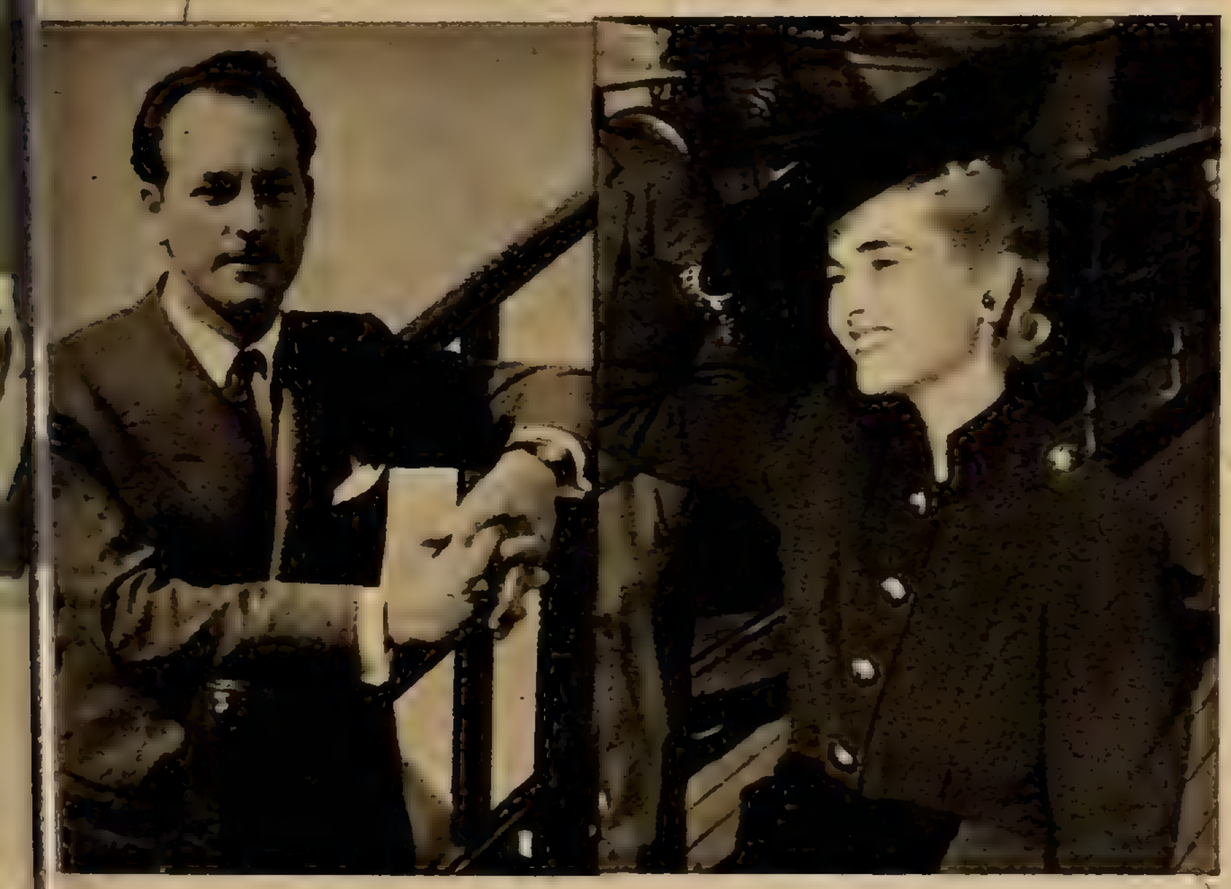
As of this writing, Hollywood is still waiting for a wedding announcement.

The possibility exists, of course, that Kirk and Irene may dash across the border into Mexico at any moment. In fact, they may do so even before this article is printed, but the probability isn't very great. It now seems that there is some doubt as to the eventual success of their expected marriage.

In all the months that Kirk has gone with Irene—10 to be exact—he has never once said, "I plan to marry Irene Wrightsman just as soon as my divorce becomes final."

A reporter who ran into Kirk and Irene sunning together at Palm Springs, asked Kirk if they were planning to be married. "If you don't mind," Kirk said politely, "I'd rather not discuss that."

Apparently, Kirk hasn't made up his mind. But Hollywood wonders, "What's stopping him?" Has the love affair between Kirk Douglas and Irene Wrightsman resolved itself into a friendship? Or has it grown into an intense passion that will lead to marriage? (*Continued on page 99*)



Prince Igor Troubetzkoy was introduced to Woolworth heiress, Barbara Hutton, by Irene's ex—Freddie. Now Babs wants to shed Igor.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR brushes her thick hair vigorously to enhance its natural curl.



LANA TURNER changes her hair style often. She won't set it herself, but likes to do the combing-out.



ANN BLYTH'S curl and color is natural. She brushes her hair 100 strokes before bedtime.



MAUREEN O'HARA takes weekly oil treatments to combat the harsh rays of the sun.



JANE WYMAN is one of the few women who looks completely feminine and lovely in a short, short hair cut.



BETTE DAVIS' perfectly shaped head and manageable hair lends itself to many varied styles.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL

Nine outstanding hair stylists form MODERN SCREEN'S board of experts in choosing the crowning glories in Hollywood— beauty capital of the world.

■ Nine top Hollywood hair stylists were invited by MODERN SCREEN to select those stars who have the most beautiful hair in the world. The experts had a hard time deciding. Beautiful hair is common in Hollywood—it's almost a necessity. However, 19 finalists were chosen and the winners were picked from among them. The winners are June Allyson, Ann Blyth, Bette Davis, Rhonda Fleming, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, Virginia Mayo, Maureen O'Hara, Ginger Rogers, Ruth Roman, Elizabeth Taylor, Lana Turner and Jane Wyman.

The editors of MODERN SCREEN decided to investigate the subject of beautiful hair because they felt that too much emphasis has been given to surveys of legs, figures and possible candidates for romantic desert islands. Men notice different things about women at first meeting: voice, eyes, walk, posture. But sooner or later, and usually sooner, men notice the hair. They can't ignore it, for hair is, literally, a woman's crowning glory. Certainly the stars spend more time caring for it than for any of their other enviable possessions. They are



JUNE ALLYSON treats her extra-fine hair to a daily shampoo; she seldom changes the style.



DEBORAH KERR takes soft permanent waves to help give her baby-fine, well-highlighted hair more body.



VIRGINIA MAYO knows that the secret of lovely hair is in its perfect cleanliness.



AVA GARDNER rarely sets her curly hair after washing; she simply brushes it until it's dry.



RUTH ROMAN thinks that a new hairdo gives her a new personality. Off-screen she wears it soft and natural.



RHONDA FLEMING says coiffures should emphasize the face and act as a frame.

HAIR IN THE WORLD

constantly experimenting with color, cut and comb. They keep their heads out of the sun and in the rain. They don't rest until they find the perfect coiffure and then they cling to it as if it were in danger of disappearing. Many beauty experts make the flat statement that, "Hair is the key to an attractive woman." If the hair is beautiful, and more important—beautifully groomed, the woman beneath it seems beautiful, too.

It is not mere coincidence that Hollywood is the beauty capital of the world. Eventually, the most beautiful women everywhere find their way to Hollywood where beauty pays off in gold as well as in admiration. Screen actresses represent all that is glamorous and desirable. They realize that it is their obligation to remain outstanding beauty leaders.

Movie producers and technicians are even more aware of the necessity for perfection under the relentless glare of floodlights and close-up cameras. Every trick, every treatment, every style is tested and often originated in the workshops of the world-renowned hair-stylists whose headquarters are in Hollywood. The actresses are their models. In a way, the actresses are their works of art.

These are the judges who chose the top 12 pictured above: Nellie Manley of Paramount, Sidney Guileroff of MGM, Jean Burt of Warners, Larry Germain of RKO, Joan St. Oegger of Universal-International, Irene Brooks of 20th Century-Fox, Helen Hunt of Columbia, Perc Westmore, Independent and Helen Young, Independent.





FLIGHT FROM YESTERDAY

He was the perfect gentleman, half of the perfect marriage, the man who had everything. Now Bob Taylor is turning his back on his reputation.

BY LESLIE SNYDER

■ Robert Taylor is a changed man. The change was sudden and startling. It happened when he went to Europe to make *Quo Vadis*. Sometime during that period of hard work and loneliness, Taylor asked himself the question, "Where am *I* going?" and he didn't like the answer.

On the surface he had everything—money, fame, a beautiful wife. He was moving along in a pattern that anyone would envy; for the past 12 years he'd been moving impeccably along as the perfect husband, the perfect gentleman, the man without a scandal, and perhaps he should have been satisfied. But he wasn't.

He couldn't have been, because at night when he'd return to his hotel suite he was unhappy. When he started to figure out why, his whole past must have come back to him in a flood of remembrance. And searching through his actions and thoughts of those years, he must have made this one penetrating and troubling conclusion: he had never been himself. He had behaved the way people had expected him to; he was always in the right place at the right time in the right tie and tails. He was a gentleman, a model of propriety.

Apparently, this was not a true expression of himself. For today, Robert Taylor has turned his back on the past and on the man he was in it. Today you find him in the gossip columns, in jive hangouts, in hamburger joints with cute blonde dates or languid dark dates. Today he's catching up on all the things men usually leave behind when they reach the age of reason.

His first step was to ask Barbara Stanwyck for a divorce, a step which amazed the world, and Barbara, too.

"I was shocked and grieved when Mr. Taylor asked for a divorce," she said when questioned by reporters. This was after Judge Clark of Los Angeles had granted her her freedom. "In fact," Barbara added, "I still can't believe it."

However, Miss Stanwyck could not express disbelief about the rumored romance between Taylor and Lia di Leo, an Italian actress. Her attorney even remarked, "Whoever (*Continued on page 84*)

LOVE COMES LAST

by Sally Burns

■ A few weeks ago, George Sanders threw a party for British producer Gabriel Pascal. Jane Wyman was there with Greg Bautzer. To the curious present, it seemed as if they were dazzling each other.

"Isn't it a shame about Jane and Greg?" said one sweet guest to another.

"What about Jane and Greg?"

The first woman shook her head. "Look at them," she said. "They're obviously in love. What a pity he won't marry her!"

"How do you know they won't get married?" asked her friend.

"Come now!" exclaimed the first woman. "You've been around. Does Greg Bautzer marry any of them? Did he marry Dorothy Lamour? Did he marry Lana Turner? Did he marry Joan Crawford or Ginger Rogers? I admit he's been married twice before, but that was when he was young."

"Maybe it's Jane who doesn't want to get married," said her friend. "After all these years, I've come to the conclusion that with Jane, a career comes first."

The latter remark probably expresses the tenor of Hollywood thinking about Jane Wyman. The mystery of her dual personality is no longer a mystery, for now it is generally believed that she is a career-driven woman to whom success as a gifted actress is the most vital thing in life.

How accurate this belief is, no one knows—perhaps not even Jane herself. She is one of the most psychologically complex actresses Hollywood has ever watched in action.

When she first hit Hollywood 15 years ago, Jane Wyman was considered a torchy rah-rah babe who sparkled with wit, sex, and vivacity. She worked in chorus lines, converted her top from brown hair to red hair to black hair, wore dresses which left very little to the imagination.

People were convinced that Jane Wyman was identical with the characters she played on-screen.

Actually, all this glitter was supposedly compensation for a sad and lonely childhood spent in St. Jo, Missouri. Friends who had gone to school with Jane—she was then Sarah Jane Fulks—insisted that she was sensitive as a little girl; that she had little in common with her strict parents who (*Continued on page 87*)

First husband: Myron Futterman.



Eight years Mrs. Ronald Reagan.



Lew Ayres is a staunch friend.



Manny Sachs an occasional date.



Present companion: Greg Bautzer.



Many men have sought a lasting place
in Jane Wyman's life, but none have meant as much to her
as *Johnny Belinda.* If she must choose
once more, will she trade love for more
success without hesitation?



This is the inspiring story of a man who was not afraid to face himself or the world: it is the story of Dan Dailey's victorious fight against a crack-up.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS



The Menninger Clinic in Topeka has none of the forbidding appearance one would expect of a mental hospital. Once a large farm, the offices are frame buildings.



Dan married Liz Hofert, Los Angeles society girl, while he was in the Army. Difference of interest and background separated them. Many feel this break-up had a disastrous effect on Dan's health.



Betty Grable was greatly responsible for Dan's career. He first starred with her in *Mother Wore Tights*. Gossips tried to turn their musical teamwork into a love match.

The Courage of Dan Dailey

■ When a Hollywood star cracks up mentally, the usual procedure is to send him to a private sanitarium for treatment. His studio then announces that he is traveling abroad or sunning himself on the beaches of Honolulu.

Behind this deception lies the fear that the American public regards mental illness of any sort as a disgrace.

One actor who refused to traffic with such old-fashioned nonsense, who refused to underestimate the intelligence of his fans, is Dan Dailey.

Six months ago, after he'd finished *I Can Get It For You Wholesale*, Dan Dailey began to get depressed. People came up with plenty of explanations: he had made a failure of his marriage, he had no home to go to, he was overworked, he was secretly in love with Betty Grable, he was tired of starring in musicals, he felt unrequited and unfulfilled, he had no close friends, he was unwanted, he was drinking too much, he was very ashamed of being a Hollywood actor.

Everyone had something to say except Dan Dailey himself. He said nothing.

He knew there was something wrong with him, because he was unhappy. He was doing things his judgment told him not to do. Basically intelligent, he realized that he didn't understand himself, or why he was behaving as he was.

There is nothing extraordinary in this realization. Most people have periods when they don't understand themselves. Most people have "off days," when they feel low and mad at the world; when they meet others and dislike them at once without knowing why; when they do things they shouldn't; when they keep on repeating the same error again and again. But such days are infrequent.

In Dailey's case they were becoming more and more the order of things. He found going to the studio a big problem, working an even bigger one, trying to reconcile with his wife hopeless. The whole process of human behavior suddenly became so tremendously complicated to him that he was staggered.

"I knew I was heading for trouble," he declared, "so in order to avoid it, I decided to go to Menninger's."

The Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas, is a healing community for the mentally sick. When Robert Walker cracked up two years ago, Dore Schary got him admitted to Menninger's. It was here that Bob conquered his alcoholism and his neurotic behavior (*Continued on page 96*)

Backstage baby

Chorines were her baby sitters; she fell asleep to the Lullaby of Broadway. How could Debra miss having her name in lights?

BY KOLMA FLAKE



Debra's family is a closely-knit group. Here Teala, Meg, Frank Jr., Debra, and Lezli get the benefit of Mama's advice on a script.

Sisters Teala and Lezli and Mama josh brother Frank and Debra as they practice serious emoting. Frank is hoping for a movie career.



■ Debra Paget looks gorgeous in South Sea Island trappings, but it's only for the movies. Balmy breezes and moonlit romance may call other less beautiful maidens, but Debra's strictly a home girl.

Anybody would like to have her around the house, of course—but Debra means *her* home. And home to her includes the whole family: Mr. and Mrs. Griffin (Debra's real name), sisters Teala, Lezli and baby Meg, and brother Frank. Miss Paget is a girl who believes that blood is thicker than anything, and proves it every day.

Getting a story about her is more like getting a panel discussion than a personal interview. The whole family chimes in with facts. And when Debra herself gives with a few items, they're generally about the rest of the family. Everybody gets into the act.

The fellows who call Debra for dates find that out. They may have an intimate evening for two in mind. But before they know it, they're smack in the middle of One Girl's Family, and having the time of their lives.

Mr. Griffin, as slimly proportioned as his wife is amply built, comes home from his work as a painter—"and not a painter of murals, either," they say—at Santa Fe Hospital about four-thirty in the afternoon. If the girls are all home, dinner gets under way immediately.

"Five women in the kitchen!" Debra chuckles. "It's nothing to get hit in the head by a pot or a pan. But we like to do things together. Mother's the General, and she cooks the meat, too. Teala usually makes the salad, Lezli fixes the potatoes, and I make up five gallons of some cold drink. Meg is not quite three yet, but she's there too. Usually she just sticks something into the (*Continued on page 77*)


PHOTO BY 20TH CENTURY-FO

storm clouds for jeff

(*Continued from page 14*) desperation, he took a job as a counterman behind a hamburger stand. Before he could report with his white apron, however, he was called to do a radio show. He still plays Mr. Boynton on radio's "Our Miss Brooks" program.

THAT was his position in life when Marjorie Hoshelle married him. One or two of her friends suggested that she was making a big mistake. Just as the wise-guys once predicted to Dixie Lee Crosby, "If you marry Bing, you'll have to support him for the rest of your life,"—so they spoke about Chandler. But Marjorie had faith in her choice, and the faith paid off—at least where his professional career was concerned.

In five years, Jeff rose from obscurity to stardom in *Sword in the Desert, Broken Arrow, Two Flags West, Bird of Paradise.* He signed contracts with Universal and 20th Century-Fox, and was demanded for loanouts by every studio in town. He received fan mail in droves, as well as mash notes, proposals and innumerable requests for interviews. The whole incredible paraphernalia of fame was his.

What happened to his marriage while he was making a success of his career?

To understand that, you have to go back to the time Jeff first met Marjorie Hoshelle. This is a portion of his life, incidentally, which never before has been told in any magazine story.

"When I met Jeff," Mrs. Chandler recalls, "he was going with my best friend, a girl named Jean Sincere. They were both in the same summer stock company in Marengo, Illinois. That was 10 years ago.

"Naturally, I was curious to see what he looked like, since Jean had spoken about him. At that time, I was an actress with the Lake Zurich Stock Company. One night I went over to visit Jean and she introduced me to Jeff. I didn't see him again for five or six years.

"He joined the Army, and I went to Hollywood where I worked in pictures for Warners. A few years later, I was in New York on vacation, visiting Jean Sincere, when Jeff called up. He said he'd just come back from the Aleutians and that he was on furlough. Jean told him that I was in town, too, and he suggested that we all get together and do the town.

"Well, we did. He took me to see *Anna Lucasta,* and the three of us went to a lot of parties together before his furlough was up. He went back to Georgia or Texas or wherever he was stationed, and I returned to Hollywood. He wrote letters occasionally, because he was lonely. Eventually, he was transferred to Ft. Ord, California. It turned out that I was the only person he knew in the whole state of California.

"Weekends, he would bum down to Hollywood, and I would see him. On one such trip, he was in a nasty auto accident between Ventura and Santa Barbara. He cut his scalp open, and was lucky he wasn't killed.

"Jeff got out of the Army in February, and we were married in October."

JEFF didn't have much money, but he was working in radio. One night, friends told him that Ira Grossel was a terrible name for an actor. Jeff agreed with them. When he saw Van Johnson play the role of Bill Chandler in *Easy to Wed,* he took the name Chandler. Out of thin air, he added Jeff to it—but that's how most Hollywood stars get their names.

When the Chandlers' first little girl, Jamie, was born four years ago, Jeff still couldn't get a break in pictures. Dick Powell got him a bit in *Johnny O'Clock,* and Universal used him occasionally, but it wasn't until *Sword in the Desert* that the fans began to notice him.

After that, he was on easy street. 20th Century borrowed him for *Broken Arrow,* and when Darryl Zanuck saw the rushes, he quickly signed Jeff for one picture a year for seven years. Twentieth has already completed four pictures starring Chandler.

While Jeff's acting career was ascending, his wife's seemed to be stationary. She played a few bit roles but her two pregnancies (their youngest daughter Dana is going on two) kept her away from the cameras.

There are those who claim that in many marriages the wife unconsciously resents her husband's success, especially if she was originally far more successful than he.

This is a definite possibility, since Hollywood fame always breeds outside adoration. Single actresses see a new star on the screen, and in many instances, they set their caps for him. They invite him to cocktail parties, send him scripts, request producers to get him for their next picture. A wife who knew her husband when he was of little or no prominence might resent such action. Some wives accept the new state of affairs in a worldly manner. They let their husbands sow a few wild oats, and let him revel in his new-found importance. Confident in the maturity of his emotions, they feel that eventually he will return to normal.

In many cases an actor doesn't return. Success changes him. He takes on a new set of values, a new outlook, a new environment and consequently a new character.

HOWEVER, this doesn't seem to be true of Chandler. Basically, he's the same rough-hewn guy that bummed down from Ft. Ord in 1946. Modest, plain-spoken, he puts on no airs, stays out of chi-chi restaurants, lives simply and in quiet dignity. One of his first radio jobs in Hollywood was on the Lux Radio Theater, and whenever that program wants him, he'll drop everything and come running.

When you ask him about his impending divorce, he says, "I'm willing to do anything to make Marge happy. If she insists on a divorce, okay. I guess there's no sense in quarreling all the time. Sometimes, people just get on one another's nerves. There's nothing anyone can do about it. She's a very fine person and a very fine actress, and I'm sorry it had to end this way."

Since Jeff has stopped living at home, and the divorce announcement has been made, he's been seen on and off with Ann Sheridan. Both he and Sheridan insist that there's "nothing serious between us." Chandler's name will probably be coupled with many other women by the time this article is published.

In all marital breakups, the possibility of a reconciliation should never be ruled out. There is always a chance, no matter how small, that Jeff and Marge will sit down some evening and find a solution better than divorce. It's entirely possible that the common bond of their past will make a future together seem more promising and even capable of happy fulfillment.

There is no reason why success in Jeff Chandler's career should breed failure in Jeff Chandler's marriage. Especially when success hasn't gone to his head.

THE END

play
CHARADES
with
maggi mcnellis

Do you like to play charades? Then Maggi McNellis, femcee of NBC-TV's celebrity charade session, "Say It With Acting," wants to know if you can guess the movie title she is acting out in these pictures. It is a film about the U. S. Cavalry with a three-word title:

1 Maggi says, "This one's easy!"

2 Be careful, and be sure to make this word plural.

3 Maggi holds her ear to indicate that the action she is showing rhymes with the actual word.

Answer on page 101.

1



2



3



(*Continued from page 29*) explained, "I actually didn't fall more than a couple of feet. They dropped me out of a harness and I simply fell into a bunch of pads right on the stage. Isn't it wonderful the way they make movies?"

That's how new he was to the business, and that's how marvelous it all seemed to this unaffected guy from Cadiz, Ohio.

Clark Gable has never lost that early enthusiasm.

Barbara Stanwyck said it: "They'll never come any greater than Clark, because he has the same joy of living, and the ability to bring joy to others today that he had when he arrived here. No matter what his age, he'll never be old."

It was with Barbara that Clark made his first hit, in *Night Nurse*. His name wasn't billed very high when they were making the picture. But within 30 days of its release, Gable's name topped all the others in the cast. Theater managers simply found it good business to put it there.

Gable slapped Barbara in that picture—a slap, as it turned out, that was heard around the world.

He slapped her again, some 20 years later, in *To Please a Lady*.

"He hasn't lost any of that old punch," Barbara says of him. "Nor," she adds, "any of that old charm."

"The tough thing about describing Clark Gable," says Mervyn LeRoy, the director, "is that there's nothing bad to say."

Even Hollywood's most careless gossip writers have let him alone. "He isn't a guy we like to monkey with," one of them said recently. There's something in Gable's eyes that discourages Hollywood's average character assassins.

AMONG his many friends are grips, electricians, mechanics, and janitors.

King (that's his nickname) grins, waves a hand as he walks down a studio street, says. "Hi'ya, Bernie" (or Ed, or Joe, or Bill). For each he has a personal quip. "Still foolin' 'em, huh?" he'll ask a producer. Or, to a cameraman, "Get that brownie in focus. You're going to shoot my unholy map this afternoon."

But when it's a girl he meets, there are no smart cracks. Call him old-fashioned, if you will, but Clark is loaded with the brand of chivalry you don't find these days. He ignores the passes girls make at him, and makes none himself.

He hates a smutty story. And if conversation turns to gossip, he simply walks away. I've never heard him say an unkind thing about anyone. And I've seen a couple of guys intent on destroying a girl's reputation suddenly freeze up when they get a look at his eyes.

You leave the street and swing onto a stage with the six-foot-two, 200-pound package called Gable. He walks straight and he walks quickly, leaning forward slightly, the way a good fighter will do in the ring.

Inside his dressing room he relaxes. There's a phone there and he grabs it to make a call.

"How are things at home, mama?" he asks. "Mama" is Mrs. Gable, or "Mrs. G.," his other name for her. "Anything I should bring home?"

They liked to say that Clark Gable wouldn't be able to take the kind of life his wife enjoyed. They said he was a somber man, even a sour-puss, a victim of deep purple moods. They said that parties and other activities which amused Sylvia would leave him cold, even morose. They were wrong.

Not only has he approved of the way she's decorated his San Fernando Valley ranch, he even pitched in and helped. (He says that's the only way he could be sure of at least a little masculinity in the overall decor.)

And if he hasn't actually loved the brilliant dinner parties Sylvia's given there, at least he's survived them in handsome style.

Few men have ever filled out a dinner jacket the way Clark does. Once, when he was vacationing in San Francisco, a group of sweet, elderly ladies were entranced by the figure he cut.

It was Clark's habit, during that trip, to come into the hotel wearing slacks and a jacket after a day's sightseeing, then to change to dinner clothes each night for a series of civic social affairs.

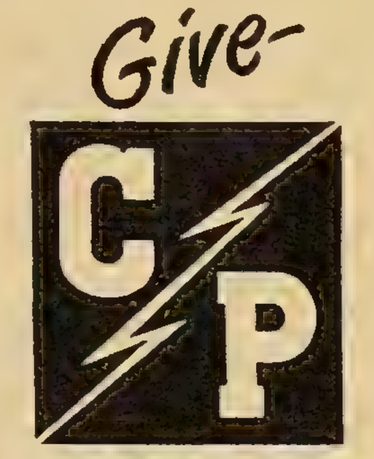
Every night the ladies, dressed in their finest, drew up their chairs in a sort of semi-circle to watch him cross the lobby.

This went on for a few nights until Clark, aware of his timid, quiet and adoring audience, did a typically Gable trick.

As he passed the chair of the eldest lady, he stopped, handed her a rose, and kissed her lightly on the cheek.

The effect in that lobby was approximately what it would have been if the Golden Gate bridge had suddenly toppled into the bay and sunk quietly out of sight.

Give-



UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY

YOU'RE riding down Culver City's Washington Boulevard with him in that Jaguar he loves so much, when you come to a traffic light. A cop heaves up alongside to wait for the green.

"Hi'ya, Clark," he says.

"Hello hot-shot," Gable grins. "Wanta race?"

So they make a date for the following Sunday morning for a closed-course run, just for the fun of it.

(Clark left him so far behind that the cop asked for a try at the wheel. He got the Jag past 120, which is faster than Clark has revved it.)

"The ground comes at you awful fast when you pass 100," Clark says.

"Anyhow," he adds, "I didn't get the Jag for speed. I just love to look at the thing. Real purty, that car."

Once in a while, though, he takes it out on the Culver City track for a quick workout. Track officials and race drivers line up to watch him, because they like the way he handles a car. If you were ever with him on such a run, you'd be wise to skip breakfast. But glancing at him out of the corner of a cautious eye, you'd know at once that he was in complete charge of the buggy. The guy can drive.

Sit in Clark's dressing room, and what does he talk about? Well, a grip pushes his head in.

"They're biting up in Oregon, King."

"Yeah, they're biting for you," Clark answers. "But will they bite for *me*? You got magic, Eddie. I haven't."

An extra peers in. "Hey, King," he says. "Thanks for that tip about Warners'. I got seven days' work. I even got a couple of lines. Thanks to you, King."

"Get any laughs?" counters Clark. He hates to be thanked.

A publicity man for whom he got a job tries to thank him.

"Will you stop it?" Clark answers. "We need good men here. The company got a break, not you."

Sit in his dressing room while he starts changing for the next scene. His actions are quick, efficient. Off comes the shirt, revealing a well-knit set of shoulders and a chest that is massive and solid. His thighs and legs are still those of the vigorous, outdoor worker.

"Go out and kill the people," Brownie, his personal wardrobe man and pal says as Clark heads for the cameras.

"I'll murder 'em," Clark smiles.

On location a fresh guy, wanting to get fresher, offers: "Pretty soft bein' a movie actor, huh?"

Clark smiles. "You work steady and the hours are good. Where could a guy like me make a softer touch?" The fresh guy doesn't get fresher.

HE has a modesty and respect for others' feelings that is fantastic.

Once a Gable-struck girl left her escort at a Sunset Strip spot to gush over Clark. He felt sorry for the girl but he felt a lot sorrier for her date. Passing her, he made his way to the embarrassed guy's table. The girl followed.

"Tell me about yourself," he asked the man. "What's your name? You remind me of a friend I had back in the oil fields."

He ignored the girl completely.

It was his way of showing her some simple manners.

Actions through the years often mellow a man, but Clark seems to have been mellow from the beginning.

Few fathers and sons had the wonderful camaraderie shared by Clark and his dad, the late Bill Gable. Bill passed away nearly three years ago, and it's Clark's greatest regret that he wasn't able to say a few last words to him.

At the time, Clark was taking his first and only pleasure trip to Europe. He was touring the Continent by car when he got word of his father's death.

Completely shattered, he left the car in the little French town where he got the cablegram, rushed to Cherbourg and vainly sought passage on a boat. (He hasn't flown commercial lines since Carole Lombard's tragic death.)

All space was taken, so Spencer Tracy (who named him "King") asked Clark to share his stateroom for the sad trip home.

Bill didn't live with Clark, but occupied a neat small home in Encino, a scant mile from his boy. However, he did move into Clark's place when his son went off on trips, in order to keep a watchful eye on the ranch.

"My dad," Clark remembers, "once said something to me I've never forgotten. 'Son,' he said, 'I'm too old for the girls. I'll leave them to you. But remember one thing. You can't tell a package by it's wrapper. The truly attractive girl is the one whose good looks start here'" (and Clark indicated his heart).

CLARK and Sylvia had what amounted to a third honeymoon during his long location at Durango, Colorado, for *Across the Wide Missouri*. He had his Ford up there, and his driving proved a little too

fast for Lady Ashley, who used studio cars. Apart from their transportation, they were inseparable.

And that Ford turned out just great for Mrs. G. when she had errands for Clark. Driving like mad along the deserted country roads, Clark whisked into town, some 30 miles distant, time after time to pick up curtain material, fancy work (she's always sewing), and hotdogs for their midnight snacks.

"What the heck," he'd grin. "What's a few errands for the lady you love?"

He found her a hot plate, a tiny ice-box and some of the best dime store napkins on the market for those midnight feasts. And after they were through, Clark donned an apron and lit into those dishes.

"Show me," he says, "a couple who do the dishes together, and I'll show you a happy couple."

Durango is eleven thousand feet in the clouds. It's cold up there and the air is thin, and Clark's day on *Across the Wide Missouri* was from five-thirty in the morning until dark. His work was hard and exacting, leaving him fairly exhausted each evening.

Yet, on his first day free from cameras, he went into town to lead a parade for a show that would benefit poor kids. And he spent whatever other free time he had mingling with the townspeople, handing out autographs and being altogether charming to a star-starved populace.

One day he came out of a dime store loaded with knick-knacks Sylvia had asked him to get for the house. His arms were filled with the gadgets, but just outside the store a bunch of people had gathered, eager for his autograph. Very carefully he put everything down on the sidewalk, signed approximately a hundred books, gathered up his parcels and went on his way.

Nothing? That's right. It was nothing, perhaps, but I can name you a hundred stars today who wouldn't have allowed themselves to be bothered.

IT WAS my great good fortune to be his guest at last year's Indianapolis Motor Speedway where, with Barbara Stanwyck, he was making MGM's *To Please a Lady*.

The crowds were unbelievable. The fans who stormed Clark were not only insistent but panicky. Indianapolis, where it can really get hot, was having its hottest summer in years.

Bareheaded, always smiling, Clark stood for hours autographing hats, gloves, scraps of paper, souvenir programs, any and everything that was shoved his way.

Finally, a Speedway guard decided that Clark had done enough. He and a couple of burly fellow-officers started shoving them back, muttering something about why didn't the bums leave Clark alone.

Clark heard him, stopped him, and pulling him aside, told him quietly: "First of all, these people aren't bums, They're my friends. If I'm anywhere at all, it's they who are responsible. And as for leaving me alone, my worries will start when they decide to do just that."

Clark Gable has true humility. In a way he's still the farmboy who learned long ago that it's the man or woman, not their clothes or social standing, that counts. Clark abhors sham.

I remember years ago when one of the industry's greatest directors and also one of it's greatest bullies, got the complete Gable treatment.

This director (and you'd know him in a flash) was the type who was careful to never bawl out a star of Clark's calibre. He saved his sarcasm and temper for the bit players and extras who couldn't strike back. Every working man and woman in the business loathed him. His only saving grace was that he did make good movies.

On that particular day Clark wasn't in the scene, but sat on the sidelines studying his script. A very talented and highly nervous girl was before the cameras. With absolutely no guidance from the director, she went through her scene from start to finish. After each take, the director would simply say, "Do it again."

After the tenth or twelfth take, with the director ordering another, the girl finally broke down. Between sobs she asked: "What am I doing wrong? What is it that you want?"

"What I want," sneered the great man, "is an actress. Who ever said you could act?" And with that he stalked off the set, leaving a bewildered, frightened, and completely shattered girl to face a crew of 30 men.

Now there wasn't a man in that crew who wasn't on the girl's side. They knew she was not only an actress, but a good one. Yet no one was in a position to tell off the egomaniac who had caused her tears—no one, that is, except Clark. And he would have done it, I'm sure, even if he'd been an extra.

Following the raging director, he grabbed him by the shoulder, wheeled him about, and in very Gable-esque language (and brother, he knows a few words!) he let him have it right between the eyes. He wasn't being the big man. He was just being human.



NEW, EXCITING,

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THE LIVES OF THE STARS,

BROADCAST DAILY

DIRECT FROM THE OFFICES

OF MODERN SCREEN

IN THE HEART OF THE

MOVIE CAPITAL.

LISTEN TO

HOLLYWOOD EDITOR

MONDAY THRU FRIDAY OVER

LBS THE LIBERTY BROADCASTING SYSTEM

SEE YOUR DAILY PAPER FOR TIME AND STATION

CLARK has been a star for 18 of his 20 years in Hollywood. He has earned his bosses in excess of $240,000,000. He's seen literally hundreds of men and women skyrocket to stardom, sputter and fizzle out. Through it all, he has remained simple, honest, and straight-shooting.

It's no trick for a newcomer in films to be humble and thankful when the man with the money hands him that first contract. They're *all* humble then. But, with that second and third option renewal, something happens, not to all, but to too many of them. Their scripts, they say, don't do them justice. Their directors, they swear, are oafs. Their leading ladies, they insist, not only can't act, but should be hustled back to Bent Pin, Arkansas.

To intimates Gable is apt to say, "I don't get it. These jokers come to town with one pair of pants and a paper suitcase, and in nothing flat they're telling the studios how to run their business."

Clark Gable has the un-Hollywood theory that his bosses know their business. He knows mistakes have been made along the line, but he also knows that to err is human and that there isn't a big business in the world with a perfect record.

"One time," he's fond of telling, "one of Henry Kaiser's lieutenants, a new man, lost a million dollars for the company on his first deal. Did Kaiser fire him? Not exactly. Going to the frightened executive he grasped his hand. 'If I'd done it,' he said, 'I'd have lost at least two million. Now let's all get back to work.' "

I SAY Gable is greater than ever because he has today the same humility he had in his no-cash-to-carry days. He'll even tell you he doesn't know anything about his number one hobby—fast cars. Yet I've seen grimy and sleep-starved grease-monkeys, who were trying to coax enough speed out of their racing cars to qualify at Indianapolis, turn to him for driving advice.

He could have hob-nobbed with the great racing figures at Indianapolis: the Johnny Parsons, Mauri Roses, Bill Hollands, Joie Chitwoods and the others. Instead, I remember him in the highly restricted garage area giving a word of advice here, some badly needed encouragement there, to the boys who had come thousands of miles with their home-made, beat-up boilers called racing cars, with the fond hope of making a buck. These were the guys he knew. These were the ones who spoke his language.

He knew their cars wouldn't even qualify in that world's fastest company. But not by the flick of an eyelash did he reveal it.

One day he found a few young hopefuls who had brought their hopped-up jalopies clear from California to meet the big test. And as he got to know them he found they weren't eating, unless you can call mush three times a day, eating.

"What's the matter with you guys? Put it all on the car?" Clark asked.

Sheepishly, they said they simply weren't hungry. Gable let it go at that. But just somehow that crew of forlorn Californians had paid-up meal tickets at the track restaurant for the three weeks preceding the race. Gable swears he doesn't know how it happened, just as he swears he doesn't know how suddenly they found enough money in their garage to get home on, and then some.

Greatness is a word that can be defined a hundred different ways by a hundred different people. Maybe you wouldn't call Gable great. I would. I know there's not another guy in the world quite like him.

THE END



"This beauty care makes my skin softer, smoother!"



A TIP FROM A WORLD-FAMOUS BEAUTY! "Lux Soap facials are marvelous," says Elizabeth Taylor. "Here's my daily complexion care: I cream Lux Soap's rich lather well in . . .



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"NEXT I DRY MY FACE with a soft towel. I wouldn't be without this gentle care a single day!" *Try these active-lather facials. See how much lovelier Lux Toilet Soap care will make your skin!*



honeymoon house

(*Continued from page 39*) a view of Los Angeles that's second only to the view of New York from the top of the Empire State Building. At the bottom of the terraced hillside looms a large, irregularly shaped pool, the kind of pool the Grangers never saw in their own country.

"Coming from England where pools are virtually unheard of," Jean says, "Jimmie and I are simply dotty over the idea of having one in our own backyard. And to make it just too wonderful for words, our water can be heated."

JEAN and Jimmie have lived in their home only a little over two months, but already the Granger Sunday Open House has become a social fixture among their friends. Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley, Sharman Douglas, Michael Wilding, producer Sam Zimbalist and several others are consistent guests. They drop by for a swim and a game of badminton, and then they stay for one of Stewart's famous man-made meals.

Stewart Granger collects recipes with the same zeal he exhibits for good paintings and classical music. A frustrated chef, he loves to try out new dishes. His Sunday specials are roast beef, baked potatoes with chives, his own mixed green salad and a chocolate mousse.

"Our Sundays," he says, "are wonderful informal days. We let Carl and his wife take the day off. Then I go berserk in the kitchen. We eat when we please, and everyone patters around the house in bathing suits and bare feet. We're a swimming crowd all right.

"The time I enjoy the pool most is at night. Lots of times when Jean and I are alone, we look up simultaneously from the scripts we're studying, and one of us says, 'Let's go swimming, darling.' Down goes my script, Jean tosses hers aside. I flip the switch that floods our hillside with light, and together we race down the four flights of steps and dive in. Swimming under the stars and looking at our house from the pool—well, that's when we know we've got a really wonderful honeymoon house."

Inside this honeymoon house most of the rooms are on different levels. It has the curious effect of being a large home with no stairs. There are four bedrooms, but each has complete privacy. There's one dining room, but several extra balconies and dining terraces. From the Bel Air road, this Spanish-type house is rather unimpressive, but indoors it's as exciting and unpredictable as a new love.

The high ceilinged foyer, the living room, and dining room are all on the same level, and they constitute the main part of the house. When the newlyweds first moved in, these three rooms were painted a depressing green and were only partly furnished. Stewart Granger loved his new home, but he couldn't tolerate some of the color choices of the former owners, so he set about making immediate and superficial changes.

One of his long-standing hobbies has been to collect paintings and period furniture. He knew what he wanted done to the house. He had the walls in the living room and hall painted a warm grey, because there was enough bright color in the flowered chintz draperies and crimson sectional couch. Then he sent to England for his books, his paintings, and his prized pieces of period furniture.

ENGLAND'S two most famous contemporary painters are Matthew Smith and Augustus Johns. Granger owns oils by both of them. They hang over the fireplace and along one wall. Other evidences of his wide cultural interests are about the room. There's a child's head by Epstein, a copy of Rodin's "The Thinker," and a fairly large collection of good books. A built-in radio and record player is being installed in one section of the book shelves. In order to hide the mechanics of the radio-phonograph, a fake front is being painted over it to resemble books.

"Before I met Jimmie," admits Jean, "I didn't know a Queen Anne commode from a Duncan Phyfe console. Now, I not only define periods in furniture, but I have a fair understanding of art and music. All of which is another way of saying love is a wonderful experience!"

Two master bedrooms of the Granger house are further examples of Jean's and Jimmie's good taste. Jean's room is furnished in ivory-colored regency furniture. The walls of the room are a soft powder blue and the draperies, slipper chair, and dressing table are done in a simple fresh-looking chintz with a white background. Beside the bed Jean keeps one unfeminine feature—her dog's bed.

The pet is a miniature French poodle her husband gave her for Christmas. Jean loves Bess dearly, but the dog causes more excitement than a child. She chews razor blades, eats pills, and hides shoes as though they were bones. "She has me weak with fright half the time," says Jean, "but she's so sweet I can't discipline her."

Stewart Granger's large room is a few steps above the level of the living room. A small balcony and stairs join the two rooms. His private quarters are dominated by two lifesize portraits of his wife. Oddly enough they are both by the same portrait artist and both very good. "Jimmie got the color for his wall paint from the shoulders in one of the portraits," reveals Jean, "and darkened it somewhat. It turned out to be a very masculine color tone."

The rest of the room is filled with an overscale bed, pictures of Granger's two children by his first wife, a desk and several comfortable reading chairs, so that the master may work in his room when his secretary, Valerie Douglas, is using the living room desk.

A great deal of the furniture was bought with the house. Usually, in such package deals the buyers get stung. The Grangers, however, were more than lucky. Many of the pieces they purchased from the former owners—the coffee table, covered with a finish of terrapin scales, is a good example—are rare furniture items. And the two guest rooms in the house are so attractive that Jean and Stewart thought twice before deciding which would be their suite and which would go to the guests.

Both of these rooms have twin beds and dressers of early American maple. To distinguish one from the other, the front bedroom is outfitted in red glazed chintz and the back room in dark green. The guest portion of the house is on a level with the main terrace, and it offers a separate entrance so that visitors can come and go independently of their host and hostess. It's a very thoughtful arrangement, as Glynis Johns, their recent house guest from England, will quickly testify.

Like all new home-owners who buy a house that's been lived in before, Jean and Jimmie were anxious to make a few changes—to put their own stamp of individuality on the place. They're doing this by remodeling a playroom near the swimming pool. They're making it into a combination bar, television, projection, and trophy room. The project is within a month of completion, but it's apparent right now that it will be unique.

The playroom has a pitched ceiling made of wonderful old beams. The rest of the room is being panelled in pine and then rubbed with white lead to match the weathered grey look of the ceiling beams. Stewart had a large fireplace of used bricks built into one corner of the room, and an overscale day bed placed in the other. The wall overlooking the pool is almost solid glass. Opposite there's an R. C. A. television console, a gun case, and a bar that doubles as a soda fountain. The latter is a special concession to Jean, who has a fondness for ice cream in ginger beer and other gooey concoctions.

IN one part of the panelling Granger had an opening cut so that a permanent movie projector can be set up and ready to go. The screen will be rolled up and concealed behind one of the ceiling beams. He also designed a huge coffee table that's a masterpiece of ingenuity. The thick table has a built-in record player recessed into one end, and contains all the controls for the radio and television sets. In its unfinished state of loose wires and assorted jacks, it looks like a Rube Goldberg contraption, but Stewart insists he'll be able to control all the entertainment features of the playroom from a sitting position in front of the coffee table.

The final touch to the playroom and the house will be the assembling and hanging of the trophies Stewart collected in Africa during the making of *King Solomon's Mines*.

"I'm thinking of hanging my first chocolate mousse as a kind of trophy, too," Jean jokes good-naturedly. "I knew nothing about cooking or running a house when Jimmie married me. He promised to supervise all the housekeeping details for the first six months while I picked up a few domestic hints. I think he expects me to be utterly hopeless but he's in for a big surprise. I've been practicing while he's on location at Sun Valley. When he finds out that I can actually cook a meal, he'll probably withdraw his promise. Anyway, whether I do the cooking or Jimmie remains supreme in the kitchen doesn't matter. This place will always be our honeymoon house." THE END

(*Stewart Granger can be seen in* Soldiers Three; *Jean Simmons will soon be seen in* Androcles And The Lion.)

louella parsons
tells all about
shelley and
farley in the
july issue of
modern screen
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the old-fashioned way

(*Continued from page 41*) Hollywood experts as classics, testifies to the fact that she not only is *not* a misfit, but is a supreme artist who belongs in no other line of work but pictures. As for a convent, there is no more devout woman laboring in a cloister for her faith than Ann Blyth. And wholesomeness is what she creates wherever she goes.

The trouble with Hollywood is that Ann Blyth is hard to know—and there doesn't seem to be enough understanding in most Hollywoodites to ever get to know her. But she can be explained very simply. Ann Blyth is just an old-fashioned girl.

Take for instance, the way Ann met Dick Contino. For the benefit of the unfortunate few who don't know who Dick Contino is, he plays the accordion. He played it publicly for the first time five years ago, shortly thereafter he was picked up by bandleader Horace Heidt as a permanent member of his traveling radio show troupe. And, while he has never appeared in a movie, there are 500 Dick Contino fan clubs throughout the country, the members of which to date have written him a million letters. He's as handsome as any chap who ever tilted his chin for a collar ad.

A YEAR or so ago, Dick attended a party in Hollywood to which Ann was invited. He was 21 years old just recently, so you know he was the youngest present. But that didn't make much difference to the girls. They tagged after him every time he moved. Ann was, as usual, in a tight little group of friends, and didn't mix much. But she, too, looked across the room at Dick and liked what she saw. He looked at her—and wished he were smack in the middle of her little crowd.

Well, they looked—and liked—but they were brought up under a code that didn't permit them to do anything about it. If that doesn't sound unusual, you don't know your Hollywood.

It was eight months later that they met again. He was at Universal Studio for lunch. A studio worker, showing him around the commissary, stopped for a chat at Ann's table and performed an introduction that earned him two life-long buddies. Dick sat at Ann's table and held up his end of a pretty feeble conversation. They were both embarrassed. However, when it came time to go, Dick asked if he might take Ann out on a date. She said she'd let him know, if he telephoned her.

That would sound like a stall to the Blyth experts, maybe even a bit prudish. But it wasn't—and it was honest to her principles. Ann lives with an aunt and uncle, holding to the old-fashioned law that a single, young, orphaned girl benefits from family life, and needs the influence, advice and guidance of mature relatives. She will not go out with a man until she has asked for the opinion and approval of her folks—and is proud of the reputation for it.

You have to know a lot more about Ann Blyth to buy a romance between her and Dick Contino—and you have to know something about Dick, too.

A sob sister could make a good deal about Ann's unhappiness. She lost her father when she was very young. She went into the theater in New York as a child actress, and a singer. She was fanatically devoted to her mother. They came to Hollywood, never for a moment thinking Ann would click big, and stayed on. Mrs. Blyth lived long enough to see her daughter a star—and then Ann was completely alone. While still in her teens, she broke her back in a tobogganing accident, and it looked for awhile as though she would never be normally active again. She toughed it out, and a sob sister could make a lot of that.

But anyone who has spent more than a day in the company of Ann Blyth will tell you that he couldn't imagine her feeling sorry for herself. She never has. She adjusted herself to her losses and illness, and went on to become an even bigger star.

If there is one fault in her make-up, it is her fanatic devotion to the Irish. If she can be said to be narrow in any respect, it is in her passion for the lore and the battles of the Erin Isle. If there is a prejudice in a man by the name of Muldoon as he parades down Fifth Avenue in a green suit on the 17th of March, then there is a prejudice in Ann Blyth. They both feel the same way. But aside from that, she is as tolerant as Abe Lincoln.

ANN BLYTH is not interested in partying; she's not prejudiced against them; she just doesn't enjoy them. When she gets through at the studio in the evening, she goes home to an entirely different environment. She will loll on a sofa before a fire and read a book or knit. She talks on the phone for hours with her girl friends, or one of the few boys who have, through trial, earned the status of buddy. She seldom goes out unless it is a studio publicity occasion or an approved date, and then it is generally to a place that is far from the Hollywood haunts.

One of the studio dates was with Scott Brady, a young fellow known for his hurried pressing of issues with girls. Their date caused quite a few raised eyebrows, for Scott was as attentive as a mare with a new colt. A columnist, bent on a scoop, approached Brady and asked for the low-down on the romance.

"Romance!" said Brady. "I love her. But you don't have a romance with Ann Blyth!"

Ann is the epitome of sentimentality. Some people say she is cold, but they just don't recognize true shyness when they see it. She is as warm in her heart as a puppy who has found a home with a yard full of bones. She doesn't attend studio parties at the completion of a picture, because she can't face the fact that the associations and friendships she has made during shooting are at an end. While the rest of the cast and crew are reveling in the joy of a completed assignment, Ann is usually at home, crying because it is all over. If anyone ever gives her a trinket as a token of esteem or affection, you can be sure she will never part with it. Pay her a sincere compliment, and she'll never forget your face or your words.

TRY some of these attributes on Dick Contino and you'll find they fit. He is Italian, deeply devoted to his family, and never casual in love or friendship. When he played a Hollywood night club a few months ago, a good many of the female wolf pack, including a number of top stars, sent their hearts and phone numbers back stage. But Dick dropped every one of them in the waste basket. He wasn't brought up that way—and he didn't want to meet girls, even the most glamorous girls, that way.

Although only 21, he has a vital sense of responsibility to his family and profession. Like Ann, he doesn't smoke or drink, not because he thinks it is wrong, but because he doesn't like to—and maybe because he thinks he is too young. He is a strong adherent to the family principle of living, and his first concern in almost any decision he has to make is his father, mother, grandma, and his sister, and two brothers. The most that any reporter has ever gotten out of him on the subject of romance is that he would like to marry a girl just like his sister. When his con-

tract with Horace Heidt expired and he struck out on his own to earn an income of $4000 a week, the first thing he did was move his entire family down from Fresno to a fine home in Glendale.

Dick is a reasonably ambitious lad. He wants to put the accordion up some day, and become an actor. He has had a lot of offers, but he knows that he has to make his money while the panic is on for his services. He is not in the movies only because he will not sign a contract that doesn't give him radio and television rights. If you were to take him apart with the greatest of care, you wouldn't find a trait in him that you wouldn't be proud of in yourself.

The first date that Dick had with Ann endeared them to one another. The general rule is that a man asks a movie star out and makes a production of it. He gets the best table at one of the best restaurants, has his picture taken, trots from there to a premiere, or a hit play and winds up the evening at a swanky party.

Dick asked Ann what she would like to do. Anything, she said, he'd like to do.

"Well," said Dick, "I kind of wanted to go to see a picture."

"You did?" said Ann. "I'd like to see a picture, too."

So they went to a movie. They have gone to night clubs, but it hasn't been the same as it was when Ann went to them with other men. Ordinarily, Ann is stern-faced and very much on her best behavior in a night club. But with Dick, she has walked into clubs, eyes aglow, and laughing her head off.

They have had many dates during the daytime, for usually he works at night. They play golf, or ride, or walk the beaches. In the matter of food, Ann has him eating stews and corned beef—and he has turned her into one of the most competent pizza experts in California.

THE romance between Ann Blyth and Dick Contino might well blossom for another reason. Ann is a devout Catholic, and so is Dick. Throughout the years she has been in Hollywood, Ann has met and liked a good many men who were eligible in almost every respect. But they were not Catholics, so, according to Ann's religious code and upbringing they could not be considered as husbands. There is no prudery or bigotry in this, it is just a precept of Ann's faith that she can not marry outside her church.

Very soon now, Ann Blyth will return from England, another picture done. She will land at the Los Angeles International Airport and, with a lot of other passengers, will walk toward the waiting room entrance where friends, relatives and lovers of the sky travelers will be there to greet them.

It is pure fantasy, of course, but it may be that in that crowd, a handsome lad with curly hair and an expression of anticipation on his face will be waiting. She will look into the crowd, and they will spot one another at the same time. She will quicken her step, maybe run. He will run, with no pretense.

They will meet in a confusion of travelers and greeters, but they won't care. He will take her in his arms and kiss her, right there in front of everybody. And she will kiss him back, because she will be glad to see him—and he's her kind of guy.

And if you want to take a longer trip into fantasy, it is not too far-fetched to imagine them married one day, with a fine home and family. You see, Ann Blyth is an old-fashioned girl—and Dick Contino is the first old-fashioned boy she has ever met in the crazy, make-believe town called Hollywood. THE END

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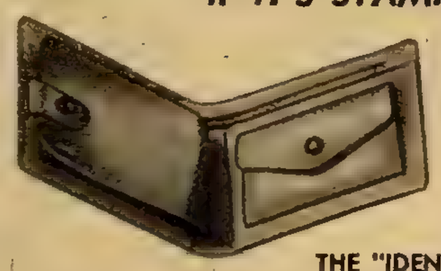
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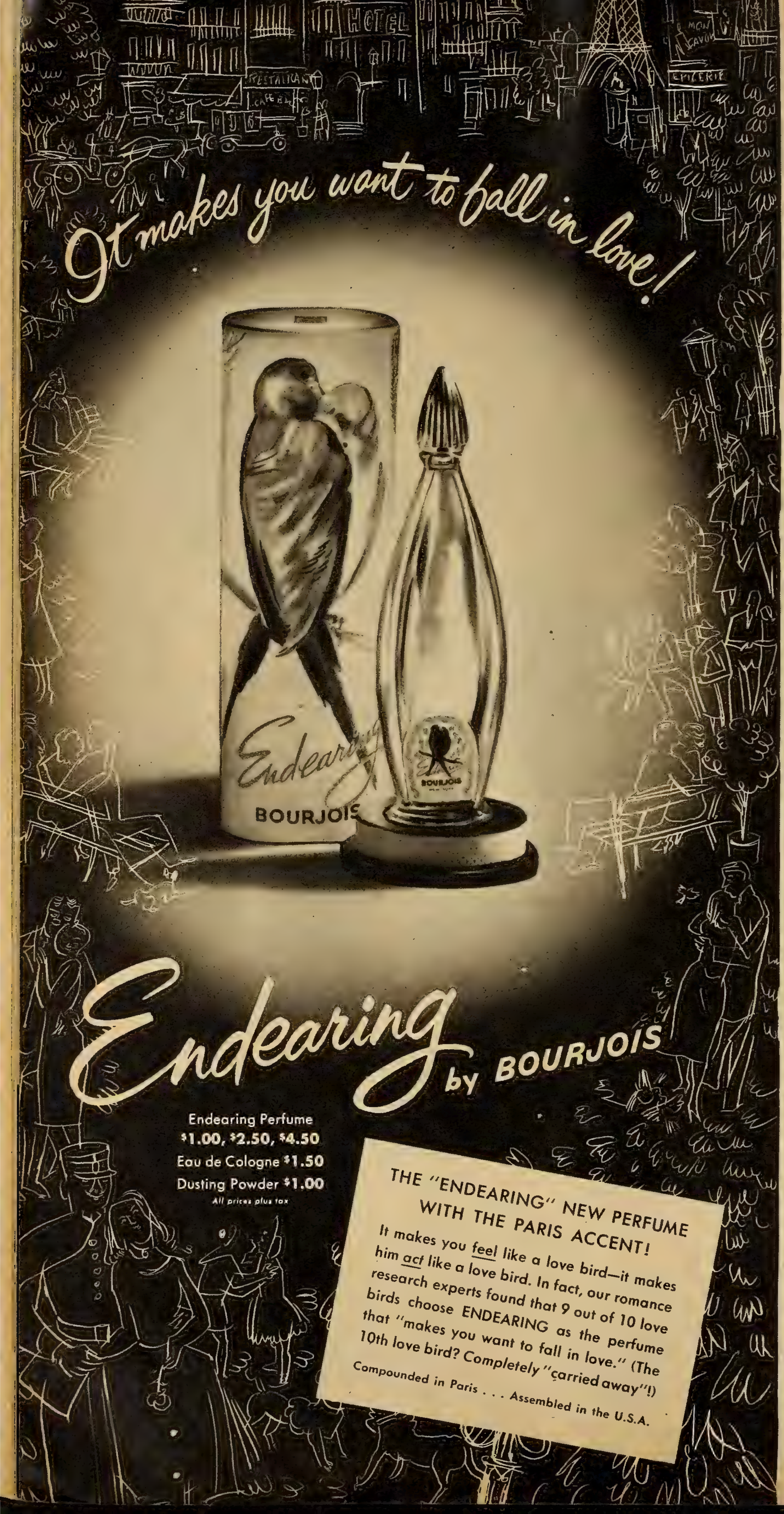


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pack up and go

you can select your summer wardrobe so that it is just right for your holidays, too.

arleen whelan chooses a bolero dress

Fashion combines with function in this Pima cotton sun-back dress *both misses and half sizes* that Arleen, who is appearing in Paramount's *Passage West,* wears for town—spectator sport—or travel. It is washable, packable and does double-duty as it may be worn with or without the jacket. The bodice, edged with white Madeira embroidery lace, is designed with shoulder straps (*see photo below*) . . . the skirt has soft front pleats . . . the belt is self-covered. Misses sizes: 12-20; Half sizes: 14½-24½. Colors: Lilac, Aqua, Pink, Maize. $8.95. By Kay Windsor.



THIS DRESS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA, PA. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 75.

AIRLINES

MEXICO

modern
screen
fashions

chic and cool

Summer sheer voile dresses that are cool as a breeze and smart for every casual occasion. Both dresses have two pockets, self-covered belts and front closings (so easy to get into)—both come in Misses and Half Sizes.

On the Right Sheer voile in Black, Brown, Blue check. Misses Sizes: 12-20; Half Sizes: 14½-22½. $8.95. By Puritan.

On the Left Sheer voile paisley print—Red, Purple or Brown. Misses Sizes: 12-20; Half Sizes: 14½-22½. $8.95. By Puritan.

Nylon hosiery by Rivoli

pack up and go



Wherever you live—wherever you go you'll be perky and trim in this softly tailored frock of small-check cotton that is strikingly contrasted with pique. It has a "Bubble" shirred bodice, two large patch pockets, self-fabric belt and clay buttons. The cotton is *sanforized*—and washable. Junior Sizes: 9-15. Colors: Red, Rust, Blue or Purple with White pique trim. $10.95. By Sue Brett.

Nylon hosiery by Holeproof

Linen wedgies by Honeydebs

THE DRESSES ON BOTH PAGES CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA, PA. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 75.



practical and pretty

Arleen Whelan chooses four separates as a "practical and pretty" answer to her playclothes wardrobe for summer and vacations. Arleen combines a single blouse with three alternate garments—shorts, pedal pushers and skirt. The "Boy" shorts have cuffs, pleated front, two pockets and back zipper; the pedal pushers have a tapered leg (with cuffs), front pleats, one pocket and side zipper; the dirndl skirt boasts two large *sag-proof* pockets (with a hidden button closing), front box pleat and a side zipper. The sleeveless blouse has a tailored collar (that may be worn up or down)—it is closed with flat pearl buttons. All the separates are made of Playtone, a crinkled *shrunk-proof* cotton by Fuller Fabrics—guaranteed fast color . . . washable (lay flat to dry) . . . requires no ironing.

All these separates come in Junior Sizes: 9-15. Colors: Jade Green, Navy, Purple, Lime Peel, Desert Gold, Black, Raspberry. Prices: Blouse $2.98. Shorts $2.98. Pedal Pushers $3.98. Skirt $4.98. By Pandora Novelty Company





You'll be a pretty mermaid in this dressmaker-type bathing suit of Dan River cotton plaid (fast color-washable) that gives a youthful line to every figure. It has a button front closing *effect*, but a back zipper closing. The bodice is boned for perfect fit. This suit may be worn with or without straps. Sizes: 32-40. Colors: Red, Green, Blue. $7.98. By Lee Knitwear.

Here is a classic bathing suit (*left*) that is particularly designed to enhance even the perfect figure—it definitely minimizes any unwanted bulges or bumps. It is fashioned of Laton elasticized taffeta with a shirred front panel, feather-boned bra top and back zipper closing. This suit, too, may be worn with or without straps. Sizes: 32-38. Colors: Black, Sky Blue, Maize. Aqua, Violet, Caribbean Rose. $8.98. By Lee Knitwear.

THE SEPARATES PLAYCLOTHES (*left*) AND THE BATHING SUITS (*above*) CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA, PA. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 75.







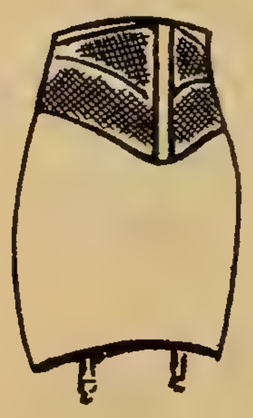
flatter your figure

1. The Tummy Tucker girdle is just made to enhance your figure—it has a patented inner-boned belt to flatten your middle (*see miniature illustration below*). In two-way stretch woven rayon and cotton. Sizes S.M.L. White or nude $2.50. Waist sizes 32-40. Nude only $4.00. Plunge bra with stitched under-cups for lovely uplift, elastic bands for perfect fit. Satin or cotton. White only. Sizes 32-38; A and B cups. $1.

2. Lustrous satin with embroidered eyelet bust section and separation. Adjustable satin shoulder straps. White only. Sizes 32-38; A and B cups. $1.

3. *Strapless* bra of lustrous satin with embroidered eyelet bust section and separation. White only. Sizes 32-38; A and B cups. $1.

Girdle and all bras by Lewella.



HERE'S THE "INSIDE STORY" OF TUMMY TUCKER (*girdle in photo*)

- tucks in your tummy
- controls your silhouette
- slims your figure

THIS GIRDLE AND ALL BRAS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA, PA. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 75.

love sneaked in

(*Continued from page 33*) Melcher drove to the home he had been visiting for a long time to see his girl. He didn't park his car in the street as he had done so often before, but drove it into the garage. Then he went into his own house with his own key, and he might have stopped in the dining room where the breakfront is with the Spode and crystal on the shelves, and the lace runner and ceramic ducks on the counter. He might have opened the right drawer to get a screwdriver to tighten something in the radio. And if his wife had come in to see what he was doing, and you had told them that they were standing in front of their engagement ring, they'd have said you were crazy.

But you wouldn't have been crazy—or far from right. A short time before her marriage someone asked Doris Day what kind of an engagement ring Marty had given her.

"We're not engaged," said Doris. "We're just going to be married as soon as we can." And she laughed her infectious little laugh. "Nobody promised anybody anything. Nobody has planned anything. We're just in love—and we're going to get married."

To this day, Doris and Marty think that that is how it happened, but MODERN SCREEN found out differently. There *were* promises, and plans, and a real moment, before a green and silver Christmas tree, when they pledged themselves to one another. But it was all so real and subtle that Doris and Marty didn't know about it.

Most married couples are required by ancient dictate to remember every detail of their first meeting. It is something of a major sin against their union for either of them to forget the day, hour, place and occasion of this event. If a man first set eyes on his future Missus while she was struggling with a bicycle tire on a country road at four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, he must comment on it for the rest of his days every time he sees a bicycle, a flat tire or a country road. And at four o'clock every Saturday afternoon, he must audibly hark back to his luckiest hour or get cold hash for dinner. The rules are not so stringent for women because it is assumed that they never forget anything.

But Doris Day and Marty Melcher don't remember the first time they met.

"Gosh," said Doris, "he was my agent—and it seems like I've always known him."

FOR the record, it was some time after Doris arrived in Hollywood, a band singer of note, and presented herself to the head of Century Artists—Marty Melcher—to find out how much was being done to make her a movie star. Suspicion was her strong point at that time. She had made a couple of smash recordings with Les Brown's orchestra. But, never having considered herself a raving beauty, she looked with a cautious eye upon all the enthusiasts who predicted fame and fortune for her in the cinema. Naturally, her agent was one of these dreamers.

Marty Melcher, in those early years, functioned as a business associate, a nice fellow who in some apparently honest manner got her a lot of money for doing the things she'd have been happy to do for next to nothing. Doris professes not to know when Marty Melcher became a necessity in her life, for the relationship developed without either one of them realizing it.

"All of a sudden," said Doris, "I discovered that I leaned on Marty for almost everything. If a faucet started to leak in my house I'd call him and say, 'Marty, the faucet's dripping (*Continued on page 75*)



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accent on glamour

Every girl can be simply enchanting in this Sea Molds swim suit of Nyralon doe-skin that has been especially styled to fit *your figure type.* It has a softly draped surplice bodice (so becoming to every figure), a sleek front skirt and detachable shoulder straps. Each suit comes in a Pliofilm beach bag. $12.95. By Flexees.

For the Average Figure—
Sizes 32-38. Colors: Black, Aqua, Yellow, White, Royal Blue.

For the Shorter Figure—
Sizes 32-38. Colors: Black, Geranium, Yellow.

For the Taller Figure—
Sizes 34-38. Colors: Black, Geranium, Chartreuse.

THIS SWIM SUIT CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM THE HUB, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 75.

(*Continued from page 73*) What will I do?' or 'Marty, my car won't start.' Or 'Marty, I've been thinking of going to Palm Springs. What do you think about it?'"

The change in their relationship was slow and subtle. The natural function of an agent, getting more money, became almost secondary to the function of being a male friend. Naturally, Doris and Marty would dine together—business required it—and the gossip columnists would call and ask if it was a romance.

"Certainly not," they would say. "It's strictly business." And they believed it.

If you listen to Doris Day talk about her son, Terry, you will soon begin to believe, with her, that he is the smartest thing since Little Willie the Wizard. It was Terry who first saw what was happening to Ma and Marty.

"Marty used to come to dinner," said Doris, "and one night I noticed that after we were seated at the table, Terry moved his place mat and chair so close to Marty's that the poor man could hardly bend his arm. I asked Terry what he was doing that for, and he said, 'I like him.' Maybe that was when I first knew I liked him more than just as a good manager."

THE business dinners became dates and stretched out into wonderful evenings, and pretty soon Doris didn't go out with other fellows any more—and Marty never looked at another girl. It was Terry again, and Doris' mother, who cemented this situation, and the boy and girl didn't even know it was happening.

On a Friday afternoon, Doris' mother would say, "What time will Marty be over—so I can figure dinner?" And after dinner Terry would tug at Marty's sleeve and say, "Hey, tomorrow's Saturday and you don't have to work. What time you coming over?"

Pretty soon there were experiences like the window shopping tour. Doris and Marty began thinking of doing and having things in the vague future together, but they never mentioned it to one another.

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Look for the Magic Inset



Pert and perky is this wispy little "Perma·lift" Pantie—fabulously dainty, yet marvelously strong. So comfortable too, and No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays—the Magic Inset eliminates annoying bones, yet it can't roll over, wrinkle or bind. Power Net Pantie $6.95. White or Pink. Sizes 24 to 30. Power Net Girdle $5.95. White or Pink. Sizes 24 to 30.

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Here's one perfect dress... and under $9



A lovable cotton that's so strikingly smart and perfectly fitting it flatters you completely. Patterned in the prettiest way, it's a Bates combed yarn tissue plaid cotton that washes wonderfully—colorfast, no starching required, and shrinkage guaranteed less than 2%. Choose it in dominant stripes of green, brown or blue. Sizes 12 to 20 and 14½ to 24½.

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or write:

LENNY FROCKS, 1350 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

Both of them had suffered the unhappiness of marriage breaking up before and they didn't accept love as quickly as others might. But soon they found themselves holding hands in movies and wanting to be close to one another and touch one another.

The time for emotions to thaw was sure to come soon—and it did, on Christmas night.

It had been a full day. The living room of Doris' home was disorderly with the gay refuse of gift giving. Colored papers and ribbons were everywhere, for there hadn't been time to tidy up. Presents were placed about the room, propped on display in their festive boxes. A large log sputtered quietly in the fireplace, glowing red and playing idly with flame. A tall spruce, decked with tinsel, cotton and shiny artificial snow, stood in a corner, still regal and still ruler of the day. And among its branches, tiny red, green and amber lights burned steadfastly, suffusing the room with their traditional yuletide brilliance.

Terry, in pajamas, sat beneath the tree, weary now with a small boy's excitement of Christmas, but still enchanted by the odd assortment of wonders his fortune had brought him. He sat silently winding this toy and peering into the magic innards of that one; and he speculated on the wisdom of sleeping in full Hopalong Cassidy regalia. Doris' mother sat in the softest chair, gazing at the dull, hypnotic embers on the hearth and remembering other Christmases. Doris and Marty lounged on a divan and, without speaking, lived their happiest day over and observed all the happiness that was about them.

Presently, Grandmother Day got to her feet. "Come on, Terry," she said, "time for bed."

Terry took a long last look at his treasures and rose and walked to where his mother and Marty were sitting. He snuggled between them and took both their hands. "Thanks for everything," he said. "Thanks to both of you. It's wonderful to have such a nice family at Christmas time." Then he went to bed, followed by his grandmother.

The boy and girl were alone in the room now, each with his private thoughts.

"It's true, isn't it?" Doris said.

"What's true?" said Marty.

"About it being wonderful having such a nice family at Christmas time—like Terry said."

"Yes, it's true," said Marty. "It wouldn't be a real Christmas without a boy and his mother and a grandmother. . . ."

"And a father. . . ." said Doris.

"Sure—a father," said Marty. "Let's see that he always has a nice Christmas."

"Yes," said Doris.

Nobody promised anybody anything, Doris Day said—but they did. They didn't do it the way its done in books, but in that warm room, with the night black outside, and the silent log in the fireplace and the pretty Christmas tree as witnesses, Doris and Marty promised each other a lot. Terry and his grandmother may not have been watching and listening through a crack in the bedroom door, but *they* knew what was going on. They stage-managed most of it.

From that night on, though, it wasn't friendship between Doris and Marty anymore. It was love and not denied. She was his girl—and he was her guy. Marriage was something that would come when circumstances and time allowed. The time ripened their relationship kindly, for it gave them the opportunity to plan and buy and for the four of them to get to know one another better than ever.

The buying was a lark. Marty would find a piece of furniture he liked and drag it out to Doris' house at any hour. She would shop for him. And long before they took their vows they had a home ready to move into, filled with the things they both loved and had selected.

If it appears that Marty, once he knew where he was going, moved right into the role of father and head of the family, it was nothing to the speed with which Terry moved in as a son. If he liked Marty before, he idolized him now. And he took great pride in abandoning many of the rather selfish rights of a small boy to shoulder some of the responsibilities of getting the family going. Doris' income is very large, and Marty is one of the most successful young men in Hollywood, but they are both level-headed people and dislike ostentatious living. They particularly think it unbecoming in small boys who have families in the chips.

Terry was willing to cooperate to the hilt in this if his mother and Marty wanted him to. He got so that he'd rather have an earned dime than a gift dollar. He would discuss his financial problems with Marty regularly, for he was the business manager—and abide by his decisions. There was a time when expansion seemed desirable in Terry's electric train enterprise. He was, at the moment, short of capital. A parental loan seemed a solution. He took it up with Marty.

"Train tracks are pretty expensive, aren't they?" he asked cagily.

"Very expensive," said Marty.

"How's Ma doing these days?" said Terry.

"Oh . . . pretty good," said Marty.

"Not great, eh?" asked Terry.

"Let's say—fair," said Marty.

Terry thought it over carefully. "Okay," he said, "we'll wait for the train tracks."

He had them in a week, but he proved he was willing to go along with an economy program—as long as it was in the family.

For a while the Melchers will live in the house Doris has lived in till now. But they will shop, carefully and slowly, for a house they want to make their home in the future.

Your Modern Screen Reporter sat in a 1918 railroad car in the Warner Brothers train shed during the last day of shooting on Doris' last picture, *On Moonlight Bay*, and she told about that house in the future.

"I want it to be on a hill," she said, "high above the city, so I can see the lights at night. I want there to be trees around and lots of green, growing things, so I can smell them when I wake up in the morning. I want it to be on a long, quiet street where Terry can ride his bike in safety. And I want there to be lots of kids around for him to play with—and for Marty and me to know. I want it to be a big, solid house that will stand a hundred years, with lots of beams and stone. It doesn't have to be elegant, but I want a small pool where we can all swim in the summer—but it has to be big enough to hold a lot of kids. I want many bedrooms, because there will be Terry, my mother, if she will live with us, someone to help take care of the place, and Marty and me. It may take some time to find it, but we will. And it will be worth the trouble, because it will be the home of a wonderful family. Just ask Terry."

Yes, it is Marty and Doris Melcher now—professional name Day. They are a happy couple, even though they think they didn't have a romance like other couples. They never got engaged—ask the pickled pine breakfront. Nobody promised anybody anything—ask the spruce tree and the lazy log in the fireplace. And nobody helped them make up their minds. They did it all themselves, and it just happened—ask Terry Melcher. The End

backstage baby

(*Continued from page 56*) oven. Maybe the ends of pie-crust. Once in a while she outdoes herself. The other night while we were too busy to notice, she mixed a whole bottle of roquefort dressing with a bottle of half-and-half.

"We all told her it was wonderful," Debra's nose wrinkled slightly. "Mother doesn't believe in discouraging anyone who's trying. We all have done things like that. Why, when I was her age I poured five pounds of sugar and a lot of eggs into mother's electric mixer and turned it on. It flew up all over the kitchen. What a mess!"

AFTER dinner they usually collect in front of the television set to catch their favorite mystery programs.

"The real scarey ones," Debra says.

"Yes," her mother chimed in. "The scarier they are, the better. The other night Debra and Lezli, the next youngest, were stretched out on their tummies on the floor watching one. I was in the kitchen when I heard Lezli let out the most awful shriek. My heart almost stopped before I got there to find out what was happening. Debbie had sneaked out of the room, smeared her face with some white stuff, and sneaked back in without Lezli realizing it. Then she just touched Lezli on the shoulder. You should have heard that girl scream!"

A group was discussing the basketball fixes (in New York colleges) when Shelley Winters entered and said that a major studio had phoned and wanted her to "throw" her next picture.

Sidney Skolsky in
"Hollywood Is My Beat"

Other times, the sisters sit around and criticize each other as they go through scenes for plays, pictures or tests. Currently they're all trying to imitate Judy Garland's singing. And they're criticizing each other's tap or ballet forms.

So it's no wonder that fellows like Tommy Cook, Dick Hennessey and Richard Allan don't mind one bit when they call Debra for a date, and she says, "Look. I don't want you to think this is anything against you personally, but I just don't go out. Why don't you come over here?"

This uninhibited family fun, and love of theater has been with Debra as long as she can remember. As a matter of fact, if she had continued in her first theatrical steps, her name would now be topping a bill of burlesque. For at six she was an accomplished stripper. Her performances were only for the family, of course, but she had the routine down pat.

Most little girls totter around in high heels pretending to be Teacher or Mother's-Best-Friend. But the grown-ups Debra imitated were the colorful folk of backstage theaters. All through their childhood, Debra and her sisters studied their home work to the tune of a theater orchestra, and played dolls while the show girls pranced. The Griffin children's early life sounds like something from a Betty Grable musical.

A family didn't keep Margaret Gibson, as Debra's mother is known professionally, from following her own love of the stage. "My kids were raised backstage," she says, "and not just the pretty ones. Burlesque backstages as well as legitimate theaters.

"A lot of folks probably think that wasn't very good for them, but actors respect children. Maybe they didn't always hold their language, but it's all so natural somehow, that kids don't take offense or get

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strange ideas. My kids have seen a lot and heard a lot. They know their way around better than most. And they're fine, sweet, good, talented kids."

Debra's talent showed early. She was always acting in front of a mirror, trying to imitate someone she'd seen. But even her fond mother couldn't tell who she was trying to copy. And Margaret Gibson was glad. "My kids aren't imitators, thank goodness!"

CONVINCED of sure fame awaiting her children, Margaret Gibson admits she gave her children names that would look good on a marquee: Debra, Lezli, Teala.

But Shakespeare and his roses notwithstanding, Debra's mother knew that it took more than a name to make success. So at 11, Debra was studying acting with Queenie Smith of the New York Theater, at 13, dancing with Frieda and Olga Berkhoff at the Coronet Theater. And along with it all, making appearances such as the one with Charles Coburn in the Biltmore Theater's stage presentation of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in Los Angeles.

It appears Mama's know-how paid off, because when Debra was just 14, she caught the eye of 20th Century-Fox. She was just what they needed for Richard Conte's betrothed in *House Of Strangers.*

It happened this way. Whenever Debra's brother or one of her sisters was having a test or try-out, another went along to be seen too. That day Frank Griffin, Jr., Debra's brother, had a date with 20th Century-Fox. They looked past the handsome young man to his little sister. But Frank's turn will come again.

Debra expresses her own modesty, and the family philosophy when she says, "It's just that I got the first real break. I just happened to be a type they were looking for, so I got the contract. Frank took Lezli along with him for a test at another big studio, not long ago. Now it looks like she's getting the contract out there. Frank says if he can just get Teala out of the way maybe he'll have all his sisters set up, and get his contract. He forgot about little Meg, I guess. We have news for him. She's talented, too. She isn't quite three, but she can sing most of the songs from *South Pacific.* She's still a little shy about strangers, though. so she isn't looking for a job yet.

"Frank's only had two roles at Columbia. because he still photographs too young for what he does so well. But he'll do big things later. Now he works between pictures as a laborer at Columbia. He doesn't mind being a laborer, but, as he says, it is kind of funny to have to put down a pick-axe so the wardrobe department can fit him for a costume."

THIS family interchange, and mass casting has been going on for years. More than once, when Margaret Gibson was tipped off by old show friends about a possible opportunity for one or all, she'd pack them all into her old car, suitcases tied on the outside, plenty of bedding inside, so she could drive straight through from Denver, their original home, to Hollywood without stopping to sleep.

Father Griffin would stay home from these junkets. He was working steadily and couldn't afford to pack up and leave on a white hope with his wife and the kids. Margaret also kept on acting to bring in money to promote her talented family.

It was during one of these financial fence-mending spells that the Great Hat Tragedy occurred. They laugh about it now, but Debra still remembers how terrible she felt when she burned up her mother's three new hats. Mrs. Griffin

needed new clothes to get another show job. She decided she'd invest in the hats and go through everything they owned to remodel the old dresses into new costumes, which the hats would carry off.

"Yes," Margaret Gibson shakes her head, "it was all my fault, too. I was yanking things out, looking them over and discarding a lot of things the girls thought still looked good. I was sending them out to the incinerator to burn them. They kept saying, 'Oh, mama, you don't want to throw this out do you!' It'd be some old thing, and finally I yelled, 'Don't you ask me once again! What I throw there, you carry out and burn!' Well, I didn't see my new hats fall down onto that pile and they carried out my orders!"

In 1941, they decided to settle down in Hollywood. Frank Griffin transferred his earning abilities to a studio and the family moved out where their finances wouldn't have to take the cost-of-travel beating.

And from the way they have taken to Hollywood living, it's hard to believe they haven't been there since the town was just a gleam in D. W. Griffith's eye. They're the most "at home" family in town.

As a matter of fact, many people in Hollywood worry about this very point. They feel Debra is too strongly attached to her home. She is never more serious than when discussing this.

"I know a lot of people believe my mother won't let me go out," she says soberly. "But that's just not true. I haven't any real urge to go out on dates yet. We have too much fun at home."

Then a mischievous twinkle slips into her blue-green eyes. "Besides, with a family record like mine, I don't dare take a chance on having dates yet.

"My mother married my father just six weeks after they had their first date. She was only 16 at the time. Teala, my older sister, married Eugene Pickler just six weeks after she had her first date with him. Frank had to wait two months—a record for our family. He took a month to decide, and another month to get the family's permission.

"I don't want to get married until I'm better established in my career. Too many girls get side-tracked. So I stay close to home where Mom can keep an eye on me. She's the one I always count on for advice. She knows more about show business than anybody."

And nobody else wants Debra to get side-tracked either. Her co-workers agree with Dick Conte when he reported after his first scenes with her, "That little girl has real fire!"

She had so much fire that she was teamed again with him in *Cry of The City.* But her star began to take a firm hold with the studio and her audiences when they saw her in *Broken Arrow,* and *Fourteen Hours.* She's now attained co-stardom with Louis Jourdan in *Bird of Paradise,* portraying the memorable Polynesian girl. She's with Jourdan again in *Anne of The Indies.*

All this is mighty good going for any newcomer to the screen, let alone a 17-year-old girl who's never been kissed off-screen, nor had a date.

But she does count one proposal. With a grin she says, "Jeff Chandler told me he was going to *marry me in our next picture* or bust."

But she still confines romance to screen roles, keeping a wary eye on her heritage of meeting your mate and marrying him pretty doggoned quick. That's the only wary eye she keeps on her family. As she says, so needlessly, "We're very closely knit."

THE END

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tell it to joan

by joan evans



Is "my mother won't let me" your complaint? Then this month I can talk to you from a movie script!

So MANY of your letters begin, "My parents don't understand," or, "My mother won't let me," or, "If you can't talk to your folks what do you do when . . ." Well, I've been trying my best to answer this and other types of teen-age problems. I don't know if I've always succeeded, but something wonderful has just happened to me. I'm making a movie called *On The Loose* that really illustrates a teen-age problem.

I'd like to tell you a little about it. The story concerns a girl who is neglected by her parents. (I'm the girl, and I just loved playing the part.) She finds love outside her home. She chases around with a lot of boys and gets a bad reputation. Everyone begins to say she's "on the loose." The girl tries to talk to her parents but her mother is too busy and her father, on hearing her and her mother quarreling, thinks they're just a couple of females yaking. Incidentally, Melvyn Douglas plays my father and he's so fine. But that's enough about *On The Loose*. What I really want to talk to you about is the problem involved.

I got a letter from a girl in Atlanta who wrote, "I'm 15 but my mother won't let me wear lipstick, even though all the girls in my class do. What should I do?" Well, I'd like to address my answer to this girl's mother. If all the girls wear lipstick then I think your daughter should, too. Don't make a freak of her. In fact, if you don't let her use lipstick, she might wear it behind your back. There's nothing wrong with lipstick. Anyway, your daughter might become so rebellious that just to spite you she may do other things that won't meet with your approval. If she does, you'll probably say, "She's a bad girl." But honestly, the only reason you can consider her bad is because she wants to become a member of her group, and she thinks it's worth sneaking lipstick to do it.

You know how I feel. There's no problem between parents and kids, or between anyone, for that matter, which can't be solved by calm discussion. Let the best argument (and I don't mean fight) win. But this month a lot of kids have written me to say that this doesn't work with their parents. "I try to tell my side of it," a girl from Denver wrote, "but my mother wouldn't even listen." I hope that her mother sees *On The Loose,* because that's exactly what Lynn Bari, who is my mother in the picture, didn't do. She didn't listen to her daughter's problem.

I wish I could persuade this girl's mother to try to understand her daughter. Everybody would be a lot better off. Sure, maybe your girl is wrong. But she certainly has a right to express her opinion. And you're a lot older and wiser than she—or should be—and I'm sure she would be willing to listen if you had a good argument to put up to her.

OH, golly, I'm so full of this subject and I think it is so important. Forgive me if my enthusiasm makes me sound off too violently.

"I'm 15," another girl writes. "All the others in my class are dating—not heavy dating, just going to picture shows with boys. But my mother says she didn't date until she was 16, so I can't either. I'm afraid if I keep turning down dates until I'm 16 nobody will ever ask me."

Well, I think it's unreasonable for a mother to want her daughter to behave exactly as she did. Perhaps, in the mother's day, girls didn't date until they were 16. But times change. And if all the kids in this girl's class are dating at 15, then she should be allowed to go along with the rest.

I not only enjoyed making *On The Loose* but I think it may do some good. It may

bring a lot of parents to a realization of their responsibilities. Sure, I know that a movie can't be absolutely true to life. In this movie the girl is so misunderstood that she tries to commit suicide. Well, that's dramatic and looks good on the screen. But, honestly, a lot of kids have written me that they were so miserable they were on the verge of doing something drastic, unless they could reach some sort of understanding with their parents.

This is not my be-mad-at-parents column. Lots of times the kids are wrong. Lots of times kids just want to blame their mistakes on their parents. And, certainly, teen-agers should have guidance from their parents. I don't approve of a 12-year-old wearing lipstick. I don't think a 12-year-old should go steady. But I do think that parents should explain to this 12-year-old why she can't do these things.

I guess I've taken a lot of words to say just one thing: I wish there could be a better understanding between parents and kids. I wish parents would never be too busy to discuss a problem. And I also wish that the kids would take their problems to their parents. But how can they—unless they're sure they'll receive understanding?

A BOY from Washington, D. C., wrote, "I want to be a singer. I told this to my mother and father but they laughed at me." I wish they hadn't done that. Nobody should laugh at any other person's ambition. Maybe this boy will never be a good singer, but he certainly shouldn't be laughed at because he wants to be.

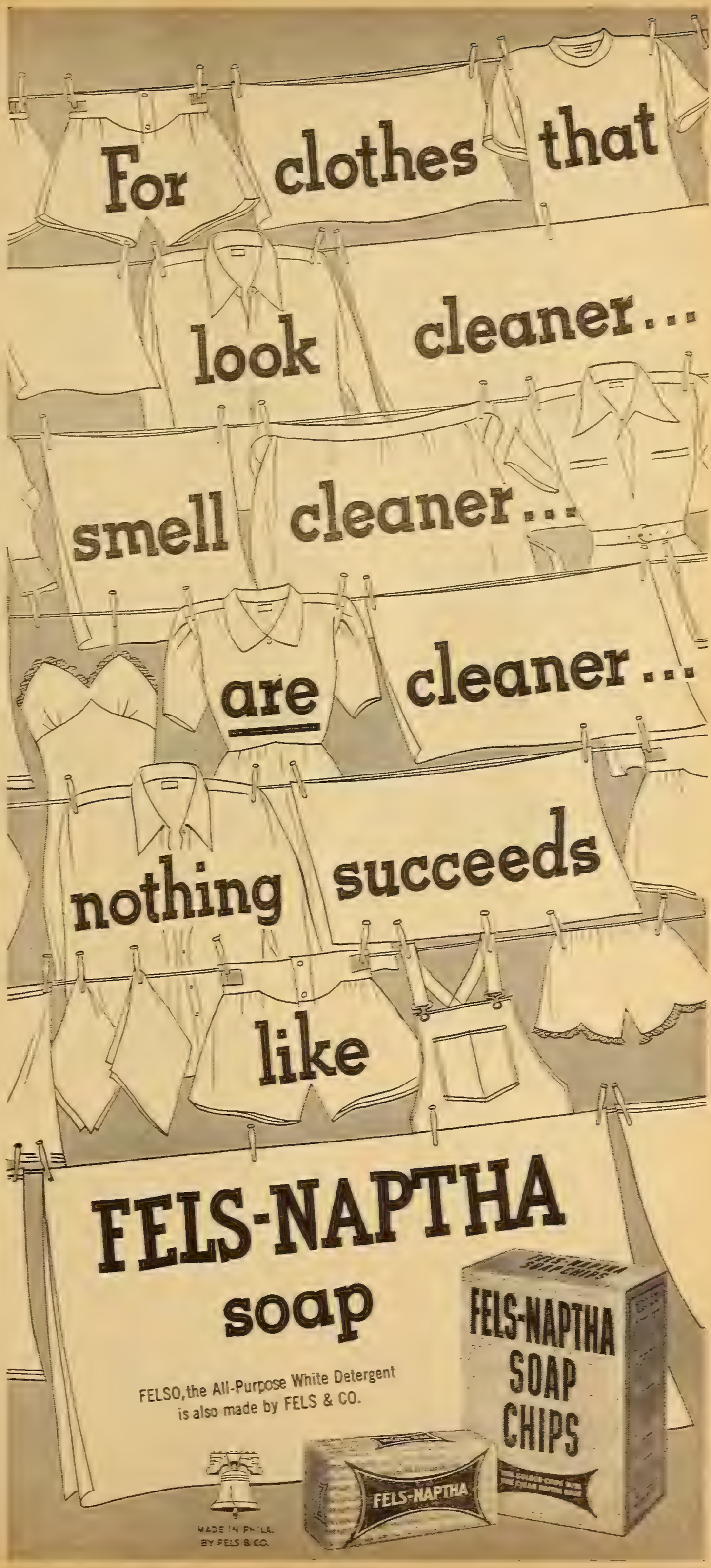
Those parents should be glad. They should find out whether or not he has the makings of a voice by taking him to a teacher. If the teacher says, "No go," then he should abide by that professional opinion. Or if he has a fine voice, and his parents haven't the money to have it trained, then this should be explained to him. I think that teen-agers, on the whole, are pretty reasonable when they're treated like reasonable human beings. Nobody likes to be laughed at—and this applies to grown-ups as well as teen-agers. If this boy really *can* sing, and has the ambition to make singing his career, the fact that his parents can't afford lessons won't stand in his way. Somehow he will find the way to get the proper lessons—this has happened so many times in the history of musicians and other ambitious but poor artists.

And now for some more problems that have been bothering you this month.

"Dear Joan: I have read that you wear glasses. Do you wear contact lenses in public? I wear glasses for nearsightedness, but don't look well in them, and I can't afford contact lenses.

—C.T., Ann Arbor, Mich."

I wear glasses for reading and for movies. I have a bad astigmatism in one eye, but I don't wear contact lenses. I think your trouble is that you don't have cute glasses. Today glasses can be so attractive, dependent upon the type of frames you have. If I were you I'd get the type that suits my face. Your optician can advise you about this. I shopped for my frames as carefully as I shop for my



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"Dear Miss Evans: Would you please advise me what to do when my best friend loses her temper at anything I ever do or say.

—A.N., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada."

I'd get myself another best girl friend. And I'm not being funny. People who can't control their tempers should be taught a lesson. If you put up with their tempers, they'll only get worse. Don't be a milk-toast character. But don't lower yourself to quarrel with her. Tell her you can't take it—and then don't.

"Dear Joan: For three years I have been in love with a fellow 10 years my senior. He left, then came back, and told me he was married. Now he wants me to go out with him because he has no intention of staying married. I don't know how to tell the friends who know about us. Please advise me.

—S.G., Walton, Ky."

You know the answer as well as I do. Of course you should *not* go out with him. No girl should go out with a married man. As for telling the friends who knew you both before he was married, just tell them, "I'm not seeing So-and-So any more because he's married." It's really simple. Sure, you may still love him, but, honey, you can't risk your reputation by going out with a married man.

"Dear Joan: I've been going with a boy for almost two years. He's been called into the service. Now my trouble is, should I be the old faithful, or should I go out with others? I may not see him again for a couple of years.

—R.O., Ridgewood, N. J."

I think this is something you should discuss with your boy friend. If you love him very much and want to wait for him, and he wants you to wait for him, you should reach an understanding. But he can't expect you to sit at home night after night. I think, if he agrees, you ought to go out with other boys on a friendly basis. But, as I say, it does depend on how much in love you two are. If you're really in love, you can go out with other boys and it won't affect the way you feel about him.

"Dear Joan: Ever since I can remember I have had dark rings under my eyes. Some people think it is from staying out late, but that's not true. My mother has them, and so has my grandmother. It makes me self-conscious. I hope you can help me.

—S.M., St. Paul, Minn."

Have you been to see your doctor? He may be able to find the trouble and cure this. That's what I'd do first. If he can't—if it is congenital—then I'd wear a light coating of makeup. There are several things on the market to conceal blemishes. But, if you do this, don't put it on too thick. That will just make it look worse.

"Dear Joan: I met a boy who is not able to walk. He takes me to school every morning in his car. He likes me and I like him. Do you think I should go with him or not?

—M.R., Warren, Mich."

I certainly don't see what difference it makes whether the boy can walk or not—if you like each other. And if your parents approve. After all, you're very young, so it isn't as if you had to decide whether or not you're

going to marry the boy. There is no reason in the world why you shouldn't continue being very good friends.

"Dear Joan: I am 16 and I believe in going with a lot of girls till I find the right one. Any girl will go with me, but I can't explain to a girl that I don't like her any more. Right now I'm supposed to be going steady with five girls. What should I do?

—N.N., Shorewood, Wis."

IN the first place, I think you're quite a conceited boy for saying "any girl will go with me." I wish some girl would give you a rousing "No"—I think it would do you a lot of good. Also, since you don't believe in going steady, I don't see how you get yourself in a jam like this. Why can't you explain to the girls immediately that you're not the going-steady type? But since you haven't, there's only one thing to do now. You have to be fair, and you have to be honest. You must mend your fences, boy, by explaining the situation to every one of the five girls and taking the consequences. You'll never grow up unless you do.

"Dear Joan: I tried your diet to lose weight but it just doesn't help, mostly because I'm constantly hungry. After school I eat candy and all sorts of sweets. Then I eat a large dinner and before bed I eat more sweets. What do you suggest I do?

—S.S., Falmouth, Ky"

I suggest you get a little will power. Of course you're constantly hungry when you're on a reducing diet—that's the idea. But there's only one way to make a diet work—and that is to stick on it. You tell me my diet doesn't help. My diet works, honey, but you're not giving it a chance. You have to make up your mind what you want—a nice figure or the few moments of pleasure when you're filling yourself with sweets. Even if you don't care about a good figure all that candy is very, very bad for your health. So get smart and stop stuffing yourself.

That winds it up for another month. Let me tell you again how I wish I could answer all your letters, but it just isn't possible. I try to pick the most typical ones so that one answer will do for dozens. So 'bye now. See you!

IF YOU HAVE A TEEN-AGE PROBLEM WRITE TO JOAN EVANS, BOX 93, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA.

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Back in the early part of the century I attended a baseball game in a small midwestern town. The whole town turned out for the ball games because they were about the only amusement. I was especially interested because my big brother was on one of the teams. A baby in the crowd started crying and annoying everyone, and no one could hear the umpire's decisions over the howling. Finally, its mother carried it screaming and kicking out of the bleachers. I nudged the girl sitting next to me and said, "That kid will be heard from someday." And hasn't he? His name was Darryl Zanuck.

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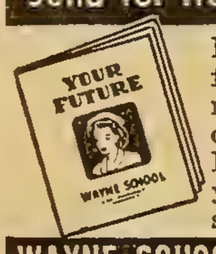
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(*Continued from page 51*) reported the romance was not kidding." And two days later, every tabloid in the country headlined Miss di Leo's own view of the subject. "I am confident that my Bob would marry me if I said the word," she said. "But I would rather we just stayed good friends."

The only person left to comment was Bob himself, and soon he did. "I'm not going to carry on a transcontinental argument," he said, "but I do not plan to marry anyone at the present time."

At the present time, Bob obviously plans to "live." Some people would call it "having a fling." To Taylor, however, it probably means that now at last he will find himself.

In Italy he found himself going out with a different girl every night, and he started making all sorts of friends with an ease and abandon that was new to him indeed. He developed a faculty for appearing in places unexpectedly with companions who would not know a social register if it dropped on them. And one day he appeared in New York, after he had impulsively headed the nose of his plane in that direction.

He walked into one of New York's smart cabarets and gaily greeted his acquaintances. Then he sat down to dine with the Rex Harrisons. He ordered champagne with a festive air, toasted his hostess, and settled back on the banquette and sighed, "It's wonderful to be foot-loose and fancy-free!"

Sitting at a nearby table was a prominent columnist who was busily putting two and two together. He leaned toward Bob with a confidential smile. "You're on your way to Europe, aren't you, Mr. Taylor?"

Mr. Taylor shrugged his shoulders. "Heck, no!" he said. "I'm too happy to be back from Italy. It's great to be here, and I doubt if I'll ever leave the U.S.A. again."

The columnist raised his eyebrows and himself as he slid into a chair next to Bob.

"What about the gal in Italy?" he asked.

Taylor fixed him with a cool gaze. "What about her? I'm here, aren't I? Is she with me?"

The columnist took a quick look around then he shifted his talk. "Well, what about your romantic life now that you and Barbara have—"

"Well, what about it?" asked Taylor. "I've got nothing to hide. My social life's an open book these days. In fact, everybody's got into the act, I've read so many different things about myself that half the time even *I* can't keep up with what I'm supposed to be doing."

But everyone else is keeping up to date for him. Especially in Hollywood. There everyone from the stock girls to the stars, from the gateman to the top executive, from the waitress to the set designer is holding forth on the name and chances of Bob's latest flame.

His latest happens to be a ravishing blonde ingenue by the name of Sybil Merrit. Sybil and her friends are showing Bob a side of life he never knew, and never had time to wonder about. She takes him to places that can't even afford a head-waiter.

At least 50 people can tell you of an episode that occurred very recently at a small Hollywood nightclub. Bob walked in (casually dressed in a soft blue sports shirt, gray flannels and moccasins) with Sybil. The people already there were Sybil's friends—musicians, extras, secretaries and college kids. Like her, they

weren't famous, or wealthy, but they were on their way, they were sure, to becoming both. Sybil, herself had starred in a movie, but not for much money or publicity.

Anyway, these people greeted Sybil and gave her escort a passing glance.

It would never have occurred to any of them that Bob Taylor would deign to mingle with them. So Taylor went unnoticed until Sybil introduced him in an off-hand manner to her pals. There was an expressive pause in the conversation, followed by a stiffening of the vocal muscles of those present. Gradually, the talk began again, but somehow Taylor and Sybil found themselves excluded.

Bob finally said to Sybil. "What's the matter? Don't your friends like me?"

Sybil laughed. "You forget . . . you're Mr. Robert Taylor, and out of their league. They're a little in awe of you."

"But that's silly," Bob said. "I like these kids. I want them to be my friends."

After that, Bob made a special effort at conversation, and Sybil's friends sensed his sincerity. Soon they'd almost forgotten who he was in the general gaiety.

As the group broke up, an extra who was walking out of the door with his date marvelled, "Do you realize I've worked in at least 10 pictures with Taylor, and tonight was the first time I've ever gotten to know him? He's really a great guy!"

Bob made many friends that night—just as he lost many when he divorced Barbara, who is one of the most beloved women in Hollywood.

Until recently, Taylor was always considered hard to know—a little high hat and exclusive, but he's changed all that in his search for the new man. He goes out of his way to talk to people to whom he's said only hello in the years gone by.

The other day he stopped a young contract player in front of the shoe stand on the Metro lot.

"Hi, Nancy," he said. Nancy nearly passed out.

"Why, Mr. Taylor," she murmured, "I'm so glad to see you back."

"Glad to be back," he said, heartily. "Say, I caught your preview last night. You were great."

"I only had a bit," said the amazed girl. "But thanks."

"You're welcome," said Taylor. "Keep it up, Nancy, and you'll go places."

"Thank you, Mr. Taylor," said the girl, weakly.

"Name's Bob," said Taylor, and sauntered off with a wave and a smile.

TAYLOR changed? He's changed all Hollywood into pseudo-psychiatrists. They sit and talk about him and his motives. Recently, a well-known agent and so-called friend of Bob, was dining in Lucey's Restaurant and airing his theory.

"I know why Bob and Barbara broke up," he said. "She mothered him too much. Remember when she gave him that new convertible? She even told him how to drive it!"

Could this be part of the answer? Actually, Barbara is not a domineering woman. Possibly, she may have felt an urgent need in Bob for someone to lean on. It was only natural (if that need existed) that he should lean on her, for they were inseparable. It might have seemed strange to Barbara that her husband who portrayed such strong and mature roles on the screen was turning to her for advice and comfort on trivial problems.

But Bob isn't weak. He is a virile and determined man, although it's true that he had little knowledge of life and women until he met Barbara. Way back in his pre-medical days at Pomona College (which is not co-educational) Bob was considered a grind. He was an honor student, active in sports, a prominent member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity. But he had little time for frivolity, he made few friendships, and girls were not yet a part of his life.

An incident that happened in Korea a few months ago will illuminate this point. A group of soldiers discovered that one of their buddies had been a fraternity brother of Taylor. "Boy," one of them said, "I bet Taylor was a hit with the women!"

Taylor's frat brother laughed. "Are you kidding? You couldn't get that guy out of his room. He was more interested in calculus and catgut than he was in girls. Every dame in town used to ask me to fix up a blind date with Arlington Brugh—but Taylor nixed it. He preferred to study. You know, I honestly think that Barbara Stanwyck was his first girl."

Barbara *was* his first girl. And for 12 years he never wanted another. Even the war didn't separate them. If anything, it brought them closer together. But then came his recent trip to Europe, and all the hidden impulses and resentments he ever had seemed to rise to the surface.

Suddenly he may have felt the need to prove to himself that he could stand on his own two feet, though no one had ever doubted that he could. But it was himself that counted now, and he may have felt that his marriage had robbed him of two basic necessities—the right to assume the responsibility thrust upon most married men at a much earlier age, and the right to crystallize as an individual. Whether this is the case or not, Bob Taylor has made a decision. He's leaving the past far behind him, and he's heading on his own, straight into the unknown future.

THE END

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report on a bride

(*Continued from page 37*) So went the words of the ecstatically—or as Ruth malapropped *esthetically*—happy bride.

"But don't expect me to gush about being married," she said. "I think people make a big mistake doing that. Too many people find they can't live up to that first enthusiasm. Both Morty and I have been married before. We've gone into marriage with our eyes wide open.

"It wasn't any whirlwind, spur of the moment marriage the way so many people seem to believe it was," she insisted. "We talked over any problems which might come up. For instance, he insisted it was a man's privilege to provide the house for his wife, so I gave mine to my mother and we came straight from Las Vegas to the house he'd rented when he first came out here. And he understands how important it is to me to have a career of my own. Sympathetically, too. You see, his mother is publisher of the New York Post. She's a vital woman who can't sit back and relax any more than I can."

THIS was still the Ruth Roman I'd known when she was a minor Selznick contract player—the girl who didn't realize that in signing a $75-a-week-with-option contract, she'd put herself in the caste of a *possible* starlet. It was as such that I, a Selznick publicist, regarded her when we first talked in the dingy, but popular coffee shop just outside the studio gates back in those days. She gave me a good jolt then, but I soon learned that I wasn't the only one she could startle.

Knowing her, I am sure that whatever the argument was about that day at the 21 Club with Mortimer Hall, Ruth started it with her charming frankness.

It's the same technique she used to momentarily divert David O. Selznick's attention from *Duel In The Sun*, a movie that had him completely obsessed.

She reached his inner office, over the heads of countless aides, demanding to be released from her contract. When he asked why, she answered, "I'm not getting anywhere. All I do is get a paycheck every week. I don't do a bit of work."

"But Ruth," he reminded her. "Just last week we had a chance to lend you to a small independent studio and you turned down the picture."

"Of course," she answered indignantly. "I didn't think that quickie picture was any good."

"But it cost us money to have you turn it down, yet we let you have your way," he pointed out.

"Money! What does that mean when the picture might have ruined my career before I got started!"

Selznick threw back his head and laughed, but he didn't release her. Instead he sent her off to New York, still under contract to him, as a prospective actress for Broadway producers to consider. After six months when nothing came up, she threw her book at Selznick's New York man by announcing, "I'm bored. I'm going back to California."

"But Mr. Selznick told me to line up summer theater work for you," the man protested.

"Summer theater! I've done six full summers of that already!" she stormed and took a train back to California—and her release, too. Selznick sent her a beautiful letter expressing his confidence in her eventual success, and his regret that he couldn't do anything at the moment.

AS everyone knows, Ruth found others who could do much for her professionally after she left Selznick. She's been pretty much a career girl, though not one of those upon whom men showered diamonds. But now the story's different.

For the first time in her life, Ruth is learning what it's like to receive really magnificent gifts. Mort started her off with a wonderful wild mink coat as a wedding present, followed it with a Jaguar, a sensational foreign-made car, and then on Valentine's Day gave her diamond earrings which he'd personally designed.

"And to show you how practical he is, he worked out the design so I can wear them as pins as well," she said. "Speaking of being practical, he also had some sort of a gadget installed in the bedroom so that when I wake in the morning, all I have to do is reach out my hand and press a button to start the coffee downstairs. By the time I get down, the coffee's made and waiting for me. Isn't that wonderful!"

So is the diamond bracelet which Mort's mother, Dorothy Schiff, gave her at the end of a flying visit out West to meet her new daughter-in-law. During that visit, Mrs. Schiff confessed that when she'd heard the news of their marriage, she called her younger daughter and asked, "What kind of actress is she?"

"Oh, she's the one who's always pregnant and doesn't have a husband, or can't get a husband, or is getting married at the end of a gun," came the answer.

When Don Taylor was alerted to stand by for another sequel to *Father of the Bride* and *Father's Little Dividend* with Liz Taylor, he quipped, "The only thing they can possibly call it is: *Father Stops The Divorce.*" *Erskine Johnson in the Scripps-Howard newspapers*

"Then the first picture she saw me in after that, I played a lush," Ruth grins. "None of that scared her. She's a *wonderful* woman."

Mrs. Schiff has been about their only guest. Ruth is troubled that she and Mort have been on the receiving end of so much party-giving.

"We simply haven't had a chance to *retaliate,*" she says in another one of those famous malapropisms. "We feel we'd rather wait until we can entertain in our own home."

They've already bought a nine room New England colonial house, complete with swimming pool, in Brentwood. They can't take possession, though, until the present occupant's lease expires.

"And was that *his* purchase?" I asked.

"Ours," she answered. "I believe that after a couple is married, everything should be 'ours' not 'his' or 'hers.' And that's the way I hope it will always be with us. I like being married to Morty. He's the first man who has ever dominated me. But he does it in such nice ways, and all from the standpoint of my welfare and happiness. When I'm working, he sees to it that I go to bed at nine o'clock. He insists upon getting up at six with me, too. He doesn't have to be at KLAC until hours later, but he gets up anyway. He goes out to make sure the car's in good running order, sees to it that I have everything I need for the day and—well, he just looks after me. And worries about me, too.

"The other night when we'd been shooting scenes on location, I didn't get home until a little after midnight. I was astonished to find Mort pacing the floor, I just hadn't stopped to think I should call and let him know I would be later than usual. You know," she said thoughtfully, "it's been so long since anyone worried about me. I never used to tell anyone where I was going or when I was coming back—except, of course, the studio. I always kept the studio informed."

I chuckled at that last statement. One night, a while back, Ruth rang me at

home saying very calmly, "Is it all right for me to go to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy?"

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"The doctor's here, and he says I have to go right to the hospital and have my appendix out."

"Do you want me to go with you?" I asked, puzzled.

"Oh, no. I just thought I ought to get permission from the studio and you could give it to me."

"Oh, good heavens!" I fairly screamed into the telephone, "Get going!"

THAT wasn't long after our first meeting in the dingy little coffee shop outside the Selznick gates. Then I'd simply been going through a routine publicist's job of getting the new starlet's background so the information could be filed away for future use. She opened up so eagerly, but somewhere along the line she sensed I wasn't urgently interested right then.

"Look," she said. "I'm an actress. Someday I'm going to be as big in this town as Bette Davis is. Remember that."

I wish I could say I knew right then that she would be. I'm afraid that I only thought to myself, "Not until you've smoothed off an awful lot of rough edges, baby!"

A few days later, I was supervising an art layout on Ruth. It was the usual leg art procedure. While she was posing I heard a voice say, "Oh, to have legs like yours!" Looking up, I saw Rosalind Russell, skirts lifted high to reveal her legs which had been padded liberally to look like Sister Kenny's. I saw the star take a longer look as Ruth answered, "And, oh, to get a chance to act with legs like those, Miss Russell!"

Well, that's enough to give you an idea of how Ruth made it clear that she was going to be right up there among the best. By the time she left Selznick, she had a lot of people pulling for her, people who wished they had the power to give her that break. Those people moved around, too . . . Dore Schary, for instance.

When he became head of production at RKO Studios, Ruth called his office. Mary Rettick, who had been Selznick's secretary and one of Ruth's boosters, was now working for Schary. She explained to Ruth regretfully, "Well, I don't know, Ruth. Mr. Schary's awfully busy right now. I don't know whether he'll have time to see you or not."

"Well, you tell him for me, that I think he's got a big head now!" Ruth quipped. Within a few hours, Mary called her back saying, "Mr. Schary will see you here at 12 tomorrow."

Ruth was there and right on the dot of 12, Dore Schary came out of his office saying, "Miss Roman, forgive me, but may I keep you waiting for just a few moments?"

When she was ushered into his office, Dore grinned widely at her. "Well, so I'm a big head now. I really am busy, you know. Getting started and so much to line up creates a lot of problems."

Realizing she'd been told on, Ruth continued the act, "Well, why can't you line up a good picture for Ruth Roman while you're about it?"

Thus came the role in RKO's *The Window*. That performance persuaded Stanley Kramer to take the recommendation of his partner, George Glass, to cast her in *The Champion*. And that performance took her into Warners' pictures with columnists saying she was being readied to take Bette Davis' place!

"You always start something good for yourself when you light into people the way you did Selznick, Schary, and some others," I said. "Who've you been heckling lately?"

"Oh, I've sort of lost that brashness," she answered. "I'm sort of sorry, too."

"But you hadn't lost it when you met Mortimer Hall, huh?" I teased. "Glad of that, aren't you?"

She grinned happily.

So it would seem that in acquiring her screen success, and the husband of her dreams, Ruth Roman has what she set her heart on long ago when she came out to Hollywood to make a life for herself.

In a way, this is even more romantic than any honeymoon story could hope to be.

THE END

love comes last

(*Continued from page 52*) were rather elderly when she was born.

"All Jane wants," one intimate insisted, "is a happy home and family. Give her that, and you'll see an entirely different girl. She'll probably quit the screen."

As everyone knows, Jane didn't quit the screen. Even after she married Ronald Reagan, even after their two children, Maureen and Michael, came along—Jane Wyman didn't quit. If anything, she tackled her career with new vigor.

After her first substantial role opposite Ray Milland in *The Lost Weekend*, there was no stopping her. She seemed obsessed by a desire to develop into a first-rate dramatic actress.

There are some who say that Jane Wyman has always been career conscious. "If she had given up her acting," one of her colleagues recently pointed out, "I think she would still be married to Ronnie; or she might never even have divorced her first husband, Myron Futterman."

Jane married Myron Futterman, a clothing manufacturer, on June 29, 1937. She hardly ever mentions his name, largely because she has a faculty of completely forgetting any portion of her past she dislikes. Actually, Jane was married to Futterman only for a year or so, after which time Jane told the court that Futterman engaged in the very disagreeable habit of comparing her unfavorably with the previous Mrs. Futterman. The mental agony this caused her proved to be intolerable, and she asked the judge to grant her a divorce. On November 11, 1938, he did.

Less than two years later, "Plain Jane" (that's what she used to call herself) and "Dutch" Reagan (that's what she used to call him) were married in Glendale at the Wee Kirk o' the Heather.

Like the Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor marriage, this one was offered as the classic example of how man and wife might enjoy both career and home. For eight years, Jane and Ronnie sat at the head of Hollywood's marital class.

When Jane announced that she and Ronnie were going to separate, everyone was shocked, but the wise guys on Hollywood Boulevard had an immediate answer. "It's a snap," they said. "The dame's madly in love with Lew Ayres. Has been ever since they made *Johnny Belinda*. It's as simple as that."

But nothing about Jane Wyman is simple. And, as it turned out, she didn't divorce Ronnie Reagan because she was in love with Ayres. She divorced him because she was tired of him, or, as she told the court, tired of his politics.

"It was politics, your Honor," she testified, "which built the barrier between us." She had tried to make his interests a part of her life she confessed, "but finally,

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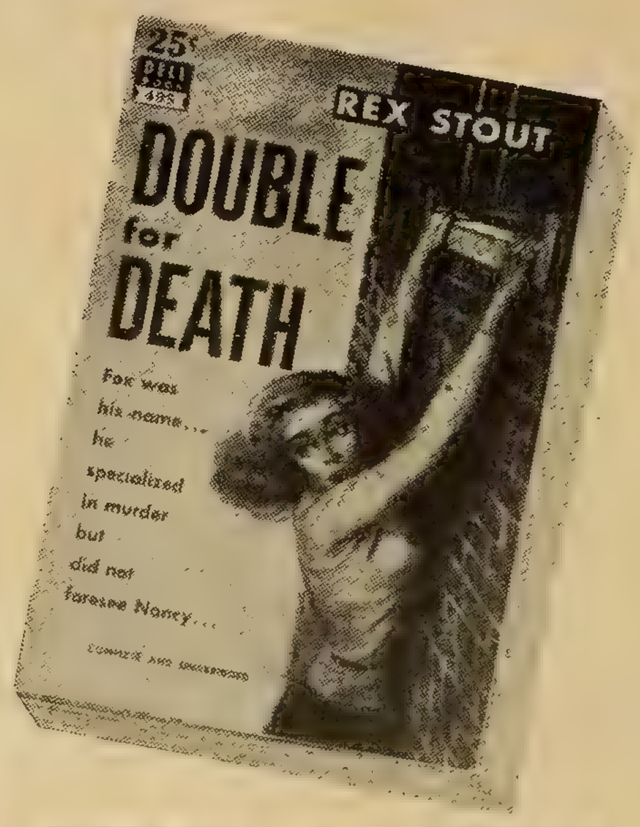
Love, Mystery and VOODOO in Tropical Jamaica

WHISPERS IN THE SUN

by Maysie Greig

With the sultry West Indies, witchcraft and Calypso as a background, Maysie Greig has fashioned an exciting mystery-romance. Young Francine Jeans leaves New York to become the housekeeper of handsome Jamaican Douglas Holbein. Gradually Francine falls in love with Douglas, until she hears that he is still suspected of his wife's death. Fear and doubt take the place of her love for Douglas. Then a turn of events reveals a new murder suspect, Dora, passionate and frustrated admirer of Holbein. Now police begin unwinding a tangled mass of evidence to find the one clue that will convict either Douglas or his cousin Dora of murder.

The killer stalked his prey but the prey was another man's. . . .



DOUBLE for DEATH

by Rex Stout

Ridley Thorpe was murdered, or so police think, until he appears alive and healthy the day after his murder. But then who is the man who was killed in Thorpe's house? Could it have been his twin? Detectives begin hunting for a killer, not quite sure themselves whether the killer is still gunning for the real Ridley Thorpe. Then Thorpe is killed and the gun that killed the first victim is found in Thorpe's safe. Clues are such that a case may be built against many people, including one of the crack detectives working on the case.

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there was nothing in common between us, nothing to sustain our marriage."

"Were your husband's political activities connected with his profession?" Judge Thurmond Clark asked.

"Yes," Jane said. "He was president of the Screen Actors' Guild, and most of their discussions were far above me."

Jane was given custody of the two children, and Ronnie was ordered to contribute $500 a month towards their support. Jane asked for no alimony.

REAGAN who is very rarely without words, was speechless. "It's impossible for me to believe," he kept saying. "I don't know what made her do it. I can't understand why she wanted a divorce."

Friends of Ronnie suggested that his loquaciousness might have been at fault. One or two writers suggested that Jane was overworked and exhausted from *The Yearling*, *Magic Town*, and *Johnny Belinda*. Only Jane knew the truth, and it was pretty complex.

At this point, Jane started seeing a good deal of Lew Ayres. Photographers began recording their every date and Ayres was furious. One night when he took Jane to watch Kay Thompson at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, he almost started a fight with a photographer. Two Sundays later when he took Jane down to San Diego to meet his parents, a reporter asked for the story. Neither Lew nor Jane would say a word to him. Jane was told that she was becoming unpopular with the press.

"Listen," she said, "ever since my divorce I've almost had to turn into a recluse. If I'm seen with anyone, it suddenly becomes a big thing, a big love affair. Ronnie goes out with lots of girls, and no one says anything."

That's why Jane is shy about Greg Bautzer. The press had turned her friendship with Lew Ayres into a full-blown engagement when it had been, "just a pleasant, platonic companionship."

Jane realizes that in gossip-hungry Hollywood she and Bautzer are news. She doesn't mind that so much, but she resents the attempt to link her with Bautzer in a torrid love affair. It's not that Jane is incapable of love. It's just that she's had it; she knows what it is, and she isn't wearing her heart on her sleeve.

To her, at this moment, the most important things in life are her children and her career, although she doesn't underestimate the role of men.

Recently she said, "I suppose most people think career girls are not faced with the same problems that daily confront other girls. Actually, the problem of the career girl is even greater, and she must make a special effort. She is likely to seem self-sufficient because her work has to come first; but she also wants to be courted and admired by men."

RIGHT now, Jane is being courted and admired by Greg Bautzer, who enjoys the reputation of being one of the greatest suitors of them all. Despite his reputation, however, Jane refuses to date him while working.

Having just finished *Here Comes The Groom* with Bing Crosby, she is currently hard at work on *The Blue Veil* with Charles Laughton, and after that she'll do the Ruth Chatterton novel *Homeward Bourne*. She is on loan-out from her home studio, Warner Brothers, and receives $100,000 a picture.

Jane is practically the only top-flight actress never to have been suspended by her studio, Warner Brothers. She's taken every role given to her and has cooperated with the studio in every way.

She still sees a lot of Ronnie Reagan, and occasionally she dates Mannie Sachs,

a recording company official. But actually she works so hard and so consistently that she has little time for more than one man.

When Ginger Rogers was in the East playing tennis, and in Florida with Steve Cochran for the opening of *Storm Warning*, Greg Bautzer asked Jane Wyman out for dinner. They'd known each other for years, and Jane accepted. Handsome escorts are rare, even in Hollywood.

One dinner progressed to another. The Rogers-Bautzer attraction faded, and Wyman moved into the position once occupied by Turner, Lamour, Crawford, and Rogers. She became Bautzer's girl, at least to the press.

Jane is a woman who has seen through the illusion of romance, who has learned the wisdom of silence, who more and more realizes that she must be herself. She knows there is no pleasure, or security in hiding behind a false personality. In the weeks to come she will probably make one of the most fateful decisions of her existence. She will decide between love and a career.

If the past is any indication—and if history repeats itself—Jane Wyman will let love come last. THE END

the greatest show on earth

(*Continued from page 44*) They call her specialty the "Iron-Jaw girl," and when you watch her, you find your own jaw hanging open. Gloria's routine is just as spectacular. The stunt they call "Foot-and-Face" means that an elephant approaches her prone body, walks directly over her (making sure not to plant a foot on her ribs) and then suspends a foreleg three inches above Gloria's glorious kisser! How'd you like to earn your money that way, instead of with your feet up on a desk?

FROM what I've seen, DeMille and his associate producer, Henry Wilcoxon, one of the past stars of DeMille extravaganzas, have done a great job of casting, right down to the last bit player. The movie's roustabouts, ballet broads (chorus girls), flyers and clowns look absolutely as authentic as the real ones I've gotten to know through the years—and the answer, of course, is DeMille's genius for detail. The Old Man spent large chunks of two years traveling with the Big Top, and without his understanding of the terrific problems involved, this whole huge project would have been impossible.

I haven't time or space here to go into those problems—things like lighting, construction, staging, etc.—in fact, all the problems you necessarily take on when you leave the confines of a Hollywood set and go out on location, *plus* the complex workings of the circus itself. But I can give you this one indication of how DeMille is reacting to the wonderful support he's getting.

Remember that silver coin I mentioned—the one DeMille had given Betty Hutton? Actually, it's a half dollar—one of a limited issue that C. B. bought up in entirety—which he awards to his stars for exceptional performance. It's a DeMille trademark, widely known and respected in the industry. Well, until this picture, C.B.'s average was one such award per picture. On this film, he has already handed out *four!*

They say *The Greatest Show On Earth* won't be ready for release until 1952. Think you can wait?

Your pen pal,

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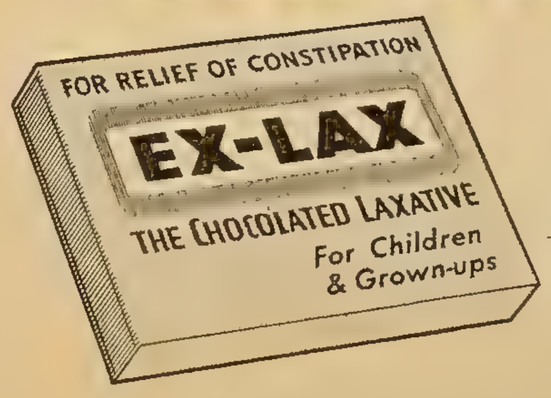




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ring around romance

(*Continued from page 30*) "I'd like to see how this looks on you," he said. He didn't have to say where—she held out her third finger, left hand. The dialogue wasn't very original, but it worked very well.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes." Same old question, the same old, but always new, answer. Only then did Arlene look down at the ring which circled her finger—and her heart.

She saw a blue-white stone which had been cut, it seemed, into a million glowing facets. Thirteen smaller diamonds banked it on either side. "It caught all the colors in the room," Arlene remembers, "and set them on fire. I was dizzy. It was the most beautiful sight I've ever seen."

A grand duchess of Russia had once worn that glowing gem. Mrs. Barker told Arlene the tale: Lex's father had bought it after the first World War to help the royal Romanoff flee the Bolsheviks. Mr. Barker had it mounted in Paris for her on their honeymoon. She had worn it herself for three decades and Lex had always adored it. Mrs. Barker had promised it to him for the girl who matched its beauty and richness. "And now," she said, "you are the girl. It looks perfectly right on you, dear Duchess."

SOMETIMES it happens dreamily like that —and sometimes it doesn't. It happened to June Allyson in the middle of Wilshire Boulevard with traffic piled up for a block. And Nancy Olson was knocked out with flu when she held up her feverish finger for Alan Lerner's ring (she got well fast).

Geary Steffen bought Jane Powell's ring after a certain romantic week-end in Sun Valley where he popped the eternal question. It was a beauty, a big round diamond set in platinum, surrounded by miniatures. Geary really couldn't afford it; he was trying to establish himself in business so he could marry the girl and the good money he used to make skating wasn't rolling in any more. But, the way he figured, you only get engaged once. He took it out to Jane's one evening—and he took it back. She had changed her mind. Geary is a sensitive soul—and proud. That ring burned his icy fingers and his face drained pale.

"All right," he said, getting it out of sight. "That's fine with me. Forget it."

"I can't," trembled Jane, "I mean I can't marry you now—but I might change my mind."

"If you ever do," gritted Geary, "you'll have to tell me. I'll never ask you again." And Jane knew he meant it.

Well, it was weeks after, and why he happened to pick that ring out of his handkerchief drawer where he'd tossed it bitterly, Geary can't tell you exactly today. He had a date with Jane for a party and the dough he had in that spurned sparkler was nothing to tumble around loose in his coat pocket and get lost. But he put it there anyway. "I guess," he grins, "I had a hunch."

He was herding the car silently along Sunset Boulevard staring straight ahead at the traffic lights when he heard the small voice ask, "Have you still got my engagement ring?"

He said "Yes." It was the only time he'd had it with him in the three months since he'd bought it. Janie said, "Well, I'd like it now." He gave a curt "Okay," fished it out and handed it over. But he didn't really melt until later that evening. As everyone knows, things have been wonderful with Geary and Jane ever since, just as they have been with June Allyson and Dick Powell, although you might even have to laugh at their big moment.

June had been to about as unromantic a place as you can go—her dentist's—and after the drilling agony was over, Dick picked her up. June thought there was something odd about the guy when he nicked a bus with his back fender, pulled over to the curb without signalling, and got honks from irate drivers who screeched up behind him. These Powell ignored because he had something on his mind. He'd just bought this knockout star sapphire set in gold and ringed with diamonds, and he wanted to put it where it belonged, and the devil with traffic.

"I love you," Dick said. "Here"—and that's when June had to giggle. The love deranged dope had slipped it on the third finger of her *right* hand. And when he corrected that and leaned over to kiss her, while a crowd collected, June couldn't kiss him back. She couldn't even feel the kiss; her lips were like a rubber tire.

"You're overcome," said Dick tenderly.

"It's novacaine," explained June.

Now, you couldn't play "Moonlight and Roses" for either one of those lovelocked moments, but to both June and Jane their rings glow as romantically today as any girl's. As romantically, for instance, as Patrice Wymore's.

Last year Errol Flynn drove Paris jewelers crazy hunting a certain dark blue sapphire to match Patrice Wymore's eyes, which he insisted were the precise color of the Mediterranean, on whose shores they would spend their honeymoon. Paul Douglas picked up Jan Sterling on her birthday last April 3rd, took her to Romanoff's, ordered champagne and spread three tiny boxes out on the tablecloth. Inside each was a gold ring bearing a round creamy pearl with a tiny diamond set in it. "This is going to last," stated thrice-married Paul, slipping all three on Jan's finger, to make one beautiful band. They were for the three years they'd known each other and a triple grip, as Paul explained on their future happiness.

PROBABLY the greatest sentimental search for a ring worn by a star was the one Tony Bartlett carried on for four years. He was trying to match a huge 5-karat yellow diamond that could have come right out of King Solomon's mines. Tony fell in love with his yellow diamond before he fell in love with Deborah Kerr, back in the days when he was hunting Nazi Messerschmitts as an ace fighter pilot in the RAF. He collected a dozen or so of those in the Battle of Britain, but just one giant yellow gem. He got the gem from a good friend

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

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Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

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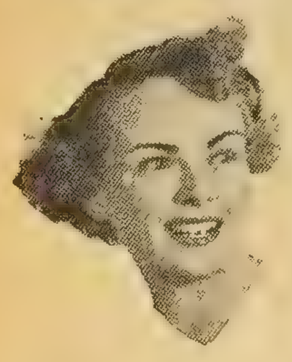
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of his who was London agent for a South African diamond mine. Tony socked all his flight pay and then some in it and kept it with him when he flew as a precious but potent good luck piece. When the little guy with the bow and arrow got him at last, after a hectic war-torn courtship, Tony knew he just had to make the perfect ring for the perfect girl out of that lucky stone. He needed two more big yellow diamonds to handle that, which turned out to be something of a problem.

Big yellow diamonds are rare even in Africa, which is loaded with rocks. Finding one to flank the beauty he owned in a perfect match, his pal told him, was practically impossible. And neither love nor Deborah could wait. Tony hopped back from Australia one day with a plain gold band and Deborah didn't get her fabulous ring until some months after they were married. But the three big yellow diamonds are there on her finger now, and they make up the rarest and most valuable engagement ring in Hollywood.

Dollars, of course, don't necessarily make a ring rich in romance. There's no price tag on true love.

ONE DAY in 1949, for instance, a reckless young guy with a cocky cut to his jib stood in Rockefeller Center Plaza arm in arm with a cutie still in her teens, who was playing Helen of Troy on the straw hat circuit. To him she was all that Helen ever was and more. The guy himself was strictly from hunger, and although he was confident he could sing more than a sweet note or two, at that point he was earning his cakes and coffee as a page boy in Radio City. Before their starry eyes loomed suddenly a jewelry store window, one of those with signs that say, "You get the girl—we'll do the rest." Gordon MacRae had the girl, his Sheilah, but somebody would sure have to do the rest, because he had all of five frogskins in his pocket and payday was a week off.

Nevertheless, he found himself saying "Let's get engaged!" walking inside and signing his first contract—a time-payment contract—plunking down the five-spot recklessly and promising a dollar a week for a considerable time after. He was still ransoming the ring when he married Sheilah—and although the clerk practically had to bring out a magnifying glass for them both to see the diamond, it has always been the light of Sheilah's life.

Glenn Ford got the bum's rush from a swank Beverly Hills custom jewelry store when he tried to buy the ring Eleanor Powell wears today. When Glenn had object matrimony in his dizzy head he wasn't the star Eleanor was, and had been for quite a spell.

When he trotted into this elegant place on Rodeo Drive and confided that he wanted an engagement ring for Eleanor Powell, they gave him the four-figure treatment. "Be reasonable," he begged, and described what he could afford.

"Mister Ford," replied the austere gent, "I have been designing Miss Powell's jewelry for years. She is a big girl, and an important star. She can wear only big, important diamonds. You are wasting my time. Please go somewhere else."

Glenn did. And the ring he came up with—while nothing to make a maharajah stare—is the most precious diamond Eleanor Powell owns, although she still has her jewel collection of the big, important, diamonds, too. And even though Glenn, himself, has become somewhat on the big, important side since, she has never traded it in or taken it off.

Esther Williams and Ben Gage wear matching star sapphires of periwinkle blue today, which they've given each other, but underneath hers Esther hides an inconspicuous silver band that means a whole lot more to her.

Inside, it's engraved simply "E.W.G.," but on a certain wartime afternoon when Sergeant Benjamin Gage was a fellow on a furlough herding his jalopy wildly up the coast from camp to keep a mighty important date, it had only "E.W."- and a space. He'd had it made out of his silver identification bracelet—because you don't buy diamonds on a sergeant's pay—and he was thinking about many other more interesting things than his speedometer. That's when the cop buzzed him down and inquired, "Where do you think you're going so fast, Soldier?"

"To see my girl," said Ben.

"That's nice," he got, "she must be terrific—tell me the lucky girl's name."

Ben said she was and her name was Esther Williams. "I can imagine," said the cop sarcastically. "Suppose I call up Betty Grable and we all have fun." That's when Ben pulled out his photo of Esther, but a lot of soldiers packed pictures of movie stars. So he brought out the ring for the convincer.

Ben made the date on time all right and it's one Esther won't forget very soon. Being a clever girl, she noticed that the initials weren't exactly centered, that something was missing.

Perc Westmore's suit for divorce . . . against wife number four recalls our pre-war comment on those marital-rifting boys: "The trouble with the Westmores is, they can make-up, but they can't kiss."

Herb Stein in The Hollywood Reporter

"That's for the 'G,'" explained Ben, "when you want me to put it there."

So it isn't the ring—but how you wear it—with love or without that counts.

Doris Day and Marty Melcher were engaged for almost two years but Doris never even had a cigar band to make it official.

JIMMY Stewart brought Gloria McLean to dinner at his house on his birthday, suddenly saw what he wanted through the candlelight and, looking as scared as Harvey the rabbit, blurted, "Will you marry me?" Then he took a skittish glance at Gloria's right hand, on which perched a mammoth headlight.

"Wow!" gasped Stewart, "I can't ever top that!"

"Good heavens," soothed Gloria, "don't try. Wouldn't I look ridiculous with two big diamonds, one on each hand!" So Jimmy gave her just a plain gold band.

The most whopping engagement diamond in Hollywood today—12 karats—belongs to Irene Dunne, because a burglar broke into her house and carried away the ring Dr. Francis Griffin bought for her years ago in New York. Irene grieved so acutely that her doctor had to order one three times bigger to soothe her.

A few Junes ago in Hollywood a singularly unpleasant fate tagged a certain small diamond which bounced back and forth between two young and fiery lovers.

He gave it to her and she gave it back—more times than either of them can remember—and then one day when she wanted it back again he said, "I haven't got it any more."

"Where is it?" she asked, suspiciously.

"I hocked it," he said, "to go fishing."

This girl was a girl who can roll with a punch. "Have any luck?" she asked him. He shook his head.

"Yes, you have," she contradicted. "You've still got me."

Jane Russell's satisfied. She got Bob Waterfield—and he'll never be able to take back the ring. THE END

why shirley quit

(*Continued from page 27*) embarrassment, no avenue of return for her as a public figure.

With that act, Shirley Temple set a precedent. No movie star, in the prime of her youth, in excellent health and on a rising tide of popularity, ever before walked away eagerly and without regret from fame, fortune and the glamorous life that only a star of the films leads.

Nobody has to be brought up to date on Shirley Temple's childhood. It's all in the recent record. She was the brightest star of the period in which most of us have lived. But there may be points of interest in her adult life that need clarifying before it can be shown why Shirley Temple quit pictures.

It might be a good thing to illustrate her enthusiasm on the day she was signed to make an adult movie, 20th Century-Fox's *Mr. Belvedere Goes To College.*

It had been five years since she had walked off the lot in a bit of a huff over the budgets the company was investing in her movies. Shirley, of course, wasn't sore, she was too young. But her advisers were worked up. At any rate, it had been five years and Shirley's only memories were of the fun she had had at the studio as a child, and of the friends she would once again see and work with.

She walked out of an executive's office and down a long hall that was wide, very modern and softly carpeted. She looked at the names on the doors and, with very few exceptions, couldn't remember any of them. She strolled past a policeman and instead of a familiar, smiling face, she saw a bluecoat with a suspicious expression—a lad too young to have been around when everyone knew Shirley Temple.

Crossing the lot, the great lump of remembering dying slightly in her throat, she walked to the schoolhouse and dressing room that had been hers for many childhood years, and that had been photographed more times than any other building in Hollywood. Standing in the street before it, unrecognized and unnoticed, she had difficulty identifying it as the same place. The paint was peeling, the flower beds changed, and through a window she saw the blue-white light of a dental office, and beneath it the white-coated dentist, tools in his hands, peering down into the open mouth of a man in overalls.

She turned on her heels quickly and dashed to the studio school room where she knew she would find Florence Klamt, her tutor and friend through all of grammar school. True, she hadn't seen much of Klammy lately, but she wouldn't have changed.

Shirley entered the school house and crept to the classroom where a session in mathematics was in progress. The door was partly open, so she peeped in. Seated in orderly rows were about 10 pupils, every one of them as beautiful and glamorous as anything Shirley had ever seen on a magazine cover, and to Shirley's rather shocked eyes, every bit as grown up. Klammy stood at the head of the room explaining a difficult fraction formula with chalk on a baby blue blackboard, and when she was through, she placed her chalk on a small baby blue desk that stood at the bottom of the board.

Shirley's eyes filled with tears. For Klammy did remember. She was still using the desk and blackboard Shirley had used as a baby—and they were just as she had left them.

"Klammy," she said.

The teacher turned to the door, saw her visitor and immediately dismissed the class for the rest of the day. When the pupils had filed out, Klammy took Shirley's hands in her own and led her to the small desk. Shirley sat down.

"Oh, Klammy," she said, "I was so excited about coming back—and now everything is so different."

Miss Klamt smiled. "No it isn't," she said, "Come with me, and I'll show you."

For the rest of the day Shirley and Florence Klamt toured the studio acreage. They went to prop rooms, paint rooms, wardrobe, make-up and cutting rooms. They found tiny, hide-away offices off the beaten paths, and walked to location units way down on the back lot. And during the tour, Shirley met again many of the men and women who had been in her own production unit during the making of most of her pictures. Everywhere she went she was greeted warmly, and when the first stars had appeared in the evening sky and it was time to go home, she stood at the gate with Klammy for a moment and nearly forgot her great disappointment earlier in the day. Almost, but not quite.

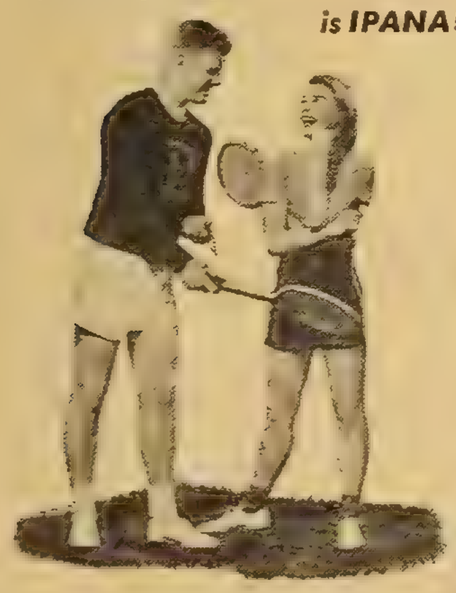
It was a minor incident, a minor disappointment, you might say, but on the other hand, it was not the happiest day in Shirley Temple's life—and it gave no promise of happier days to come. She had had better days in the movies, better days at Fox. And this beginning of a new adult career didn't stack up with any of the pleasant memories of the past.

But Shirley went back to work. She had been married a couple of years to John Agar and, although the wedding itself had been a hoopla affair, her private life since then had been quite free of outside attention. However, with both Shirley and

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John working, she found that their social obligations began to involve more business associates and movie personalities than she had ever known existed.

She noticed, too, with some distress, that her home life became more of a public property than it had ever been before. And Linda Susan, the daughter she had promised to raise away from all cinematic influences, became a very desirable photographic subject, to the child's detriment, Shirley thought. The peace and security Shirley had known as a sheltered ward of her parents, and as the rather anonymous Mrs. Agar, began to fade.

That, too, might have become something she would have adjusted herself to, but worse things were to happen. Young Agar, getting his first taste of fame and ready money, started to live like the glamorous figure his publicity said he was. There were parties galore, if not in swanky restaurants and night clubs, then right in the Temple-Agar home—something Shirley hadn't planned on at all.

Walking out of a theater the other night, Lisa Kirk heard a woman tell her companion, "I wish they'd make some pictures with happy endings. Every picture lately ends with the couple getting married!"

Herb Stein in
The Hollywood Reporter

When relations became strained between Shirley and her husband, she tried valiantly to hide the fact, but learned that she was living under a big magnifying glass. Friends say that, at that time, she was sure she and John could have worked things out if they had been able to get away together. But that wasn't possible.

It seemed that each time Shirley appeared in public with anything but an hysterical grin of joy on her face, the newspapers predicted the end of her marriage. And when Agar was seen about the town alone of an evening, she would read the announcement of their separation in the morning papers while he lay sleeping in the next bed. According to her personal physician, in the court testimony at the divorce, Shirley Temple neared a nervous collapse.

And there was the *job* of picture making. It had never been a job before. As a child she had danced on to the set in the morning brimming with good fellowship and filled with plans for the day's pranks. Her spirit pervaded the entire stage she was working on—and a day's work was nothing but a great, big wonderful lark for which everyone was paid. Now there was always a strained atmosphere, stern with tenseness. No grown-up with a night of sleepless unhappiness behind her could brighten a dark corner, and neither did Shirley. The crews of her pictures were different, but whenever an old-timer who had worked with her in former years was assigned to her troupe, even he fell in with the gloomy newcomers.

It must have been trying, indeed, for Shirley Temple to walk silently to her dressing room in the morning in the same huge stages in which she had enchanted everyone in sight with her roles of *Curly Top, Heidi* and *The Littlest Rebel,* without a smile or a joke for anyone—but she couldn't do anything about it.

Then came the blow-off. The rumor so persistently printed that Shirley and John Agar were separating became a reality. The straw that broke the camel's back had been delivered—*and at a Hollywood party.*

As she testified in court, Agar's attitude toward her had grown more and more arrogant in public places. It was at a party celebrating the completion of one of his pictures that the final incident in their

marriage took place. Although hating the parties, Shirley felt it was her duty—and saved a lot of denials to the gossip columnists—to attend them. At this one, held in a private home, the celebrating was particularly energetic. John escorted Shirley through the door and drifted away.

According to a girl friend of Shirley who was present, this included taking one look at another girl and spending the rest of the evening at her side without once ever talking to his wife again. Shirley sat alone and unhappy for several hours. She knew when he finally came to take her home, that this was the end.

It is possible that Shirley Temple, pronounced by experts to be the finest natural actress Hollywood has ever seen, might still have continued in her profession if the papers had handled her divorce with a lighter touch. But they didn't. For weeks she remained closed in behind the gates of her home, afraid even to go down to the corner drug store, for fear she would attract some of the morbidly sentimental public wanting to cry on her shoulder.

When she went to court, she heard a superior court judge, with all good intentions, pronounce that she was a far too important person to be granted a divorce without some extra comments on the shame of it all. She cringed because her unhappiness, even in the sacred hall of justice, had to be publicly aired with additional, maudlin comment.

As soon as she was able, she packed her bags, tucked her daughter under her arm and flew away to Honolulu to be free of the Hollywood merry-go-round. Kind friends had come to her side with sincere advice on what she should do about adjusting her personal life and rescuing her "career." On the beach, under the warm Hawaiian sun, she had a lot of time to think. She had all the money she would ever need, had lost the zest for acting that once ruled her life, and couldn't find a single excuse for going back into pictures. The only *reason* she could find was that there was nothing else to do—she had no other interest.

But Fate took care of that. Fate's instrument was a tall, handsome lad who, when he was invited to a party for the famous Shirley Temple, declined because it was to be held at an hour when the breakers were rolling at their best for surf boarding. Somebody told Shirley about that, and when she met Charles Black, she liked his eyes, his beautiful teeth, his quiet, gentlemanly manners. But, at first, she liked best the fact that he wasn't impressed by a movie star half as much as by the roll of the ocean waves.

BACK in California, with the news of her meeting with Charles Black hot copy, Shirley had a lot of thinking to do. Was it right to continue with the courtship Black was so willing to press? If she let herself fall in love with him—and him with her—would she ruin both of their lives? These musings were interspersed with messages from producers and agents asking when she was going to come back to work.

Just when she made her decision, Shirley Temple will never tell. She won't tell because, and good luck to her, she won't tell anybody anything about her private life anymore. But it can be learned from her close pals that one day, after she and Black had confirmed their feelings for one another, she suddenly had the solution. She didn't like Hollywood life. She wasn't happy making pictures anymore. She wanted a home in which she was just the wife and mother—and that was the kind of a home Charles wanted. The answer was so simple it made her laugh. Quit. And that's exactly what Shirley did.

A lot of people are under the impression that this decision was made by the man who today is Shirley Temple's husband. It was not. During the heat of the quest for information about Shirley's plans, it was printed a number of times in the papers that Black had put his foot down, and what's more, had made it very evident that he, himself, would not be available for comment at any time. As a matter of fact, Black was available at any time in his office at a local television station. He admits that he would have spoken to any reporter, and would have told honestly anything he considered in good taste—but nobody ever asked him.

It is apparent, then, that the retirement, and the secluded life Shirley Temple Black now lives is of her own choice. It is the result of a decision she made alone after much careful thought. Today, she bears no bitterness toward Hollywood, it was too good to her and her family in the early years. But, and who can blame her, it holds no glamor or hope of happiness for her. She quit the movies and public life because she never, as a grown woman, found happiness in them—only disenchantment.

If you keep your eyes open you may see her again some day. It may be around a naval base where Commander Charles Black, who might be called back into the service, is stationed; or, if he isn't, she might be the young mother who lives down the block. But, if you keep going to the movies for the next 40 years, you won't see her on the screen. You might see Garbo, Pola Negri, Robert Montgomery, Jane Withers or almost any of the other stars who have given up acting in the movies at the moment—but you'll never see Shirley Temple. She's too happy—and too busy—being anonymous.

THE END

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the courage of dan dailey

(*Continued from page 55*) and eventually returned to Hollywood, sound in health and sound in outlook.

Dailey didn't wait for anyone to send him. He went of his own free will long before he had to go. "I went," he says, "because I wanted to. It's just like a guy who feels a cold coming on. He goes to the doctor and gets a shot of penicillin. He hopes it'll stave off the cold."

When Dan left for Menninger's last November, he made no secret of his destination. "There's nothing wrong," he said flatly, "in going to a clinic for a little treatment. People wouldn't be shocked if I went to a doctor and had my chest X-rayed. Well, they're not going to be shocked if I go to a doctor and get my thoughts X-rayed."

Dan's faith in his public has been more than justified. If his current fan mail is any indication, his fans think more of him now, of his will-power, his intelligence, his integrity than ever before.

When Dailey arrived in Topeka the townspeople paid no attention to him. Accustomed since 1925 to seeing some of the world's great celebrities report to Menninger's, they regarded Dan as just another patient.

When he checked in at the Clinic, he was surprised to find that it consisted of several frame buildings set on grounds that once constituted a large farm. There was no hospital-look about the place. Offices for the doctors at Menninger's have been created by remodeling a hamburger stand and a filling station. The recreation hall for patients used to be an old barn. The Research Department is set up in a small building which once was the workshop of a monument-maker.

Dailey's room was equally simple, containing a bed, desk, and dresser.

For three weeks, the staff at Menninger's studied Dailey's personal background. Then it was decided that his treatment would consist of two basic kinds of therapy: milieu therapy in which the patient is completely removed from the old environment which troubled him, and psycho therapy in which the patient confers regularly with psychiatrists, psychologists, and a psychiatric social worker.

After a series of exhaustive tests and conferences, Dan decided that for his milieu therapy, he'd like to go to college. He'd never attended college, as a youngster he'd been too busy making a living as a hoofer. This seemed like a good opportunity to catch up on his neglected education and to direct his intellectual energy into a beneficial channel.

A FEW miles from the Menninger Clinic there's an excellent little university called Washburn Municipal University. In January, Dan drove down to the campus and signed up for courses in Political Science and English.

Coeds who saw him on the campus

easy money!

They say that money talks. Ours is shouting, "Come and get me!" to one-hundred MODERN SCREEN readers. All you have to do is to read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all possible haste, because we're giving away (for free) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our June issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Shelley Winters—Your Hollywood Shopper
- ☐ Storm Clouds for Jeff (Jeff Chandler)
- ☐ Why Shirley Quit (Shirley Temple)
- ☐ No Guy Like Gable (Clark Gable)
- ☐ Ring Around Romance (Allyson, Powell, MacRae, etc.)
- ☐ Love Sneaked In (Doris Day)
- ☐ Madly In Love (Jane Powell)
- ☐ Report On A Bride (Ruth Roman)
- ☐ Honeymoon House (Stewart Granger, Jean Simmons)
- ☐ The Old-Fashioned Way (Ann Blyth)
- ☐ The Greatest Show On Earth (Hutton, Lamour, Wilde)
- ☐ Background for Marriage (Kirk Douglas)
- ☐ The Most Beautiful Hair In The World
- ☐ Flight From Yesterday (Robert Taylor)
- ☐ Love Comes Last (Jane Wyman)
- ☐ The Courage of Dan Dailey (Dan Dailey)
- ☐ Backstage Baby (Debra Paget)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It To Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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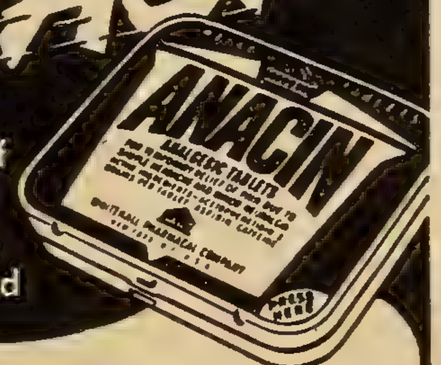
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were naturally curious, but after a week or so their curiosity wore off, and Dan was accepted just as any other student.

No one made him feel like a movie star, no one asked him about Betty Grable or Hollywood, no one made him feel ill at ease.

Standing in the hall outside his English class, he was interviewed by a student for the local newspaper.

"How come?" she asked, "you're going to school at Washburn?"

Dan grinned pleasantly.

"I never had the time before," he explained. "I once thought I'd take advantage of the G. I. Bill of Rights and go to school after the war, but something always came up."

"Well, how do you like it here?" the girl continued.

"Just great," he said. "I was stationed at Ft. Riley, you know, during the war, and I've always liked Kansas."

The girl giggled. "Kansas has always liked you. *Call Me Mister* is playing downtown."

There was no mention made of Menninger's.

Dailey who attended classes every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, was never once stopped and questioned as to his progress out at the clinic. He was friendly with everyone, and his progress was more than favorable.

The ability to get along well with other people is a vital factor in good mental hygiene. In order to obtain this ability, a patient usually has to submit to a long analysis of where and how he lost it, or why he never acquired it.

For a long time Dan's parents were against his going into show business. Dan was born in New York City where his father is currently the resident manager of the Hotel Roosevelt on Madison Avenue. The elder Dailey, having come in contact with hundreds of show people through the years was mildly alarmed when Dan told him of his ambitions.

Dan's father felt that he was too young, that this was just a passing whim. But Dan seemed so persistent that his mother suggested he take dancing lessons from a woman who lived in the Baldwin, L. I., neighborhood where the Daileys then had their home.

"Dancing's for sissies," Dan protested.

When told that dancing would get him on a stage, however, Dan re-considered and okayed the idea. He went to the teacher who promptly taught him a soft-shoe routine, "And maybe you won't believe it," he says, "but I've been doing that same act for years now, the same steps exactly."

Barely in his teens, Dailey organized a song-and-dance act with Dick Mabry, a schoolmate. The boys were paid $5 a performance, $2.50 each, but Dan couldn't live on it, so he made the rounds of the Long Island speakeasies. The customers tossed coins on the floor as he danced.

Instead of continuing school, Dan caught on with a vaudeville unit. After that, there was no turning back. In between appearances, he clerked in a grocery, sold shoes in a bargain basement, "worked as a high-class flunky in a Long Island beach club serving drinks to big shots," and even taught dancing. One summer he worked as a dancer on the cruise ships sailing between New York and the West Indies. During another, he was hired as social director for the Breeze Lawn Casino, Ellenville, New York.

During the depression Dan was kicked around. He developed no great love for the human race and he decided that a fellow had to know all the angles. A friend of his introduced him to Harold Minsky, one of the big burlesque producers in New

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York, and Minsky hired him as a hoofer. He entertained the audience while they waited for the strip-teasers.

It was a living all right, but what it did to Dailey's ego and his outlook only his analyst would know.

At this point he also got married for the first time. It took less than a year for him to realize it had been a mistake.

Fortunately, he got a job in a Broadway musical, *Up In Arms,* and followed that with parts in *Stars In Your Eyes,* and *I Married An Angel.*

Billy Grady, the MGM casting director, happened to catch Dan when *Angel* opened in Los Angeles. Grady didn't particularly like the way other members of the cast were up-staging him in order to hog the spotlight for themselves.

As a gag, Grady went backstage after the performance and started asking people, "Where can I find this guy Dailey?"

The rest of the cast was shocked. "Not Dailey," one girl said. "He's nothing but a long-legged puss!"

Grady barged into the dressing room that Dan shared with six other hoofers. "How'd you like to screen test for Metro?" Billy asked.

Dailey shrugged his shoulders. "What've I got to lose?"

The next day Grady sent a studio limousine around to pick up Dailey. When Dan arrived at the studio, Billy introduced him to Lillian Burns, the dramatic coach. Five minutes later, Lillian was in Grady's office. "You out of your mind?" she demanded.

Frank DeVol describes a Hollywood starlet as a gal who buys her clothes at half-off and wears them that way too.

Herb Stein in
The Hollywood Reporter

Grady grinned. "Catch the kid's act down at the Biltmore," he suggested.

Lillian Burns drove down to the Biltmore that night and watched Dan Dailey in action. For once, he was sensational. Lillian gave him a screen test and on the strength of it, Dan was signed to a Metro contract at $250 a week.

He acted in about 20 bit parts for MGM and then left to go into the Army in April, 1942. He married Liz Hofert, a Los Angeles girl, during one of his furloughs, and she toured the Army camps with him.

After the war, Dailey returned to MGM but the studio had nothing for him. His agent showed an old test he had made with Eleanor Powell to the big boys at 20th Century-Fox and with Betty Grable's okay they signed him to appear opposite her in *Mother Wore Tights.* It was his first big Hollywood break, and he's been eternally grateful to Betty ever since.

Since 1946, he's made four other musicals with Betty. His salary has jumped from $750 to $2750 a week. His fan mail has reached tremendous proportions. He's starred in two non-musical roles, and his future seems absolutely assured.

THE troublesome question is: How can a man of 36, who's made such a fabulous success of his career, reach a point in his thinking where he considers his life a failure, and finds himself on the edge of a nervous collapse?

People who know Dan fairly well, say that his nervous state was due to overwork. Others attribute it to a myriad of other causes previously mentioned.

As of this writing, Dailey is still at Menninger's, trying to find the answer. Dr. Will Menninger says that there are five areas of mental health important to everyone's general welfare: "These are (1) your relationships with other people; (2) your code of behavior; (3) your sources of satisfaction; (4) your ways of obtaining

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satisfaction, (4) your ways of obtaining security; (5) the value of your goals in life."

Obviously, Dailey's troubles are within these areas.

Dan returned to Hollywood early in March of this year, just for a week or so. He saw old friends and stopped in at his lawyer's to sign the property settlement with his wife. Mrs. Dailey will probably file for divorce some time later this year. "There is absolutely no chance," she says, "for a reconciliation." Probably she will retain custody of their son.

Dan's agent, Al Melnick, spent a good deal of time with him on his visit home and later he said. "I've never seen Dan in better condition. His whole outlook seems fine."

Dailey drove back to Topeka in his new Ford convertible. How long he will stay at Menninger's—he may be back in Hollywood by the time you read this—is not predictable.

Suffice it to say. however. that here is one actor who did not ignore the problems that were badly affecting his feelings and his behavior. Here is one actor who had the honesty and the good sense to realize that he was displaying definite signs of mental disturbance.

Dan Dailey is one of the most courageous persons Hollywood has known, a man who is not afraid of seeking and facing the truth about himself. THE END

background for marriage

(*Continued from page 47*) In Hollywood's opinion it must be one or the other, because love never stands still, emotions are never static.

Before Irene and Kirk took off for Palm Beach to see her father, Irene said, "Kirk and I haven't made any plans for marriage." But the chances are that they have matrimony very much in mind these days. Now that Kirk has finished *Detective Story,* he has some spare time in which to reflect upon love, life and the future—how, and with whom he wants to spend it.

Having both been up to the altar once before, they may be hesitating now because they're determined to make any future wedding march the last for each of them.

One of Kirk's friends says, "Lots of people say that Kirk and Irene will never go through with it. They say that if he were nuts about the girl, he would've married her as soon as his divorce became final. But until recently, Douglas has been up to his neck in work. First there was *Ace in The Hole* for Billy Wilder, then there was all that time he spent on location, with Irene beside him, incidentally, in New Mexico.

"When he finished there, he went into William Wyler's *Detective Story.* What did that leave for love-making or marriage? But all the time, he was still courting Irene. And when *Detective Story* was done, he headed straight for Palm Beach to meet her father.

"My guess is that while Kirk's in Palm Beach, he's going to ask for Irene's hand. They ought to be married sometime around June—at least, that's the way it seems to me."

IRENE's mother, Mrs. Stafford Wrightsman, a very charming and witty socialite, says, "I'm only the mother. When I want to find out about Kirk and Irene, I read the gossip columns. Irene doesn't tell me anything. I presume they're fond of each other or they wouldn't spend all that time together.



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"Kirk's a very sweet and intelligent young man. Last Christmas we were all in New York together—Irene and Kirk and Charlene. She's Irene's sister. Used to be married to Helmut Dantine. Well, we were all in New York together for Christmas Eve. Charlene had a big Christmas tree in her apartment at the Carlyle. I must tell you that Kirk is a very dear and charming boy, and I wouldn't mind having him as a son-in-law one bit.

"He took Irene up to Albany to meet his family, he has six sisters, and she thought they were simply swell. He was married once before, you know, and he has two little boys, and Irene has a little girl, Stephanie. Whatever they plan to do, I hope they'll be very happy.

"Frankly though, and I must say this—if they get married down in Palm Beach I'll never forgive them. I told Irene just the other day, 'If you two decide to get married, I want the marriage to be held right here in California.' Well, Irene's answer was, 'Mother, we haven't made any marriage plans as yet. If and when we do, you'll be the first to know.'"

THE fact that Kirk and Irene come from two different worlds is what makes happiness together.

The Kirk Douglas story is the kind of yarn that makes Horatio Alger look like a bum. The son of immigrant parents, he worked his way through college, and dramatic school. He joined the Navy, injured his back, and had a medical discharge in time to be with his wife when she gave birth to their first son in 1944.

In New York with no money and a wife and son to support, he took an apartment in Greenwich Village and finally secured a job in *Kiss and Tell*. Hal Wallis called him to Hollywood to star in *The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers*. Douglas hired a press agent, accepted Stanley Kramer's offer for the lead in *Champion* and almost overnight became a star.

In a capsule, that's the story of his amazing and meteoric rise to fame. However, while Kirk was in the process of making his fortune, he was also in the process of losing his wife. A wise man, he knows, never makes the same error twice.

Kirk's first wife, Diana Dill Douglas, is the daughter of a famous British barrister, Thomas Dill, one-time attorney general for the British crown at Bermuda. Diana was only 16 when she met 23-year-old Kirk at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. He was tall, dimpled, blond and handsome, "and I thought him very attractive but there was never anything really serious between us."

In 1941 when Kirk went into the Navy, Diana was signed by Warner Brothers and came to Hollywood. The studio let her hang around for six months, then dropped her. Back she went to New York, where she posed for magazine covers. One night in 1942, Kirk enrolled at the Midshipmen's school at Notre Dame, picked up a magazine and saw Diana's photo on the cover. "I know that girl," he shouted to a friend. "I'm going to write her."

Kirk was lonely at the time, and he wrote one of those maybe-you-don't-remember-me-but letters, and Diana replied that of course she remembered him. Kirk proposed marriage on their first dinner date, but Diana was no girl to be rushed. They weren't married until the following year, 1943, in New Orleans.

Kirk had no means of support except his Navy pay. Eventually the daughter of Bermuda's attorney general had to go to work in a New Jersey penicillin

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factory to help support herself financially.

She had faith in Kirk's ability, however, and Kirk didn't let her down. In five years he ran his salary up from nothing to $100,000 a year.

WHEN the Douglases first arrived in Hollywood, everyone said they made a marvelous couple. They were "two kids trying to get ahead." The only trouble with that was Kirk's fierce independence. He insisted that one bread-winner was all any family could take.

A few weeks ago when Diana was asked to explain why she and Kirk divorced, she said, "He was a perfectionist, and I was more or less happy-go-lucky. I'd patter around the house in bare feet. His resentment over such child-like behavior was justified when I dropped a dish on my foot and had to stay in bed for three weeks. There was also a basic difference in our temperaments. My wanting to act was an assertion of my own independence. Anyway, we separated after six years, and I came to New York to live with the two boys.

"Kirk's name was coupled with a lot of girls' names, but I didn't mind that and tried to keep busy. I got some acting jobs on the stage and in television. Luckily, I found an apartment near Central Park. I furnished it myself and converted the dining room into a playroom for the boys. They went to school during the weekdays. I went to work. And on Sundays we went horseback riding in the park. Michael and Joel missed their father, but he came East as frequently as he possibly could.

"Last Christmas he came with Irene Wrightsman—she's a very lovely girl—to see the boys, and afterwards one of them—I guess it was Michael, said, 'Stepmothers are wicked, aren't they?' And I said, 'No, Michael, stepmothers can be very kind and sweet, and if Daddy marries again, you'll have a very nice one.'"

Answer to Maggi McNellis' Charades on Page 58

The movie Maggi is acting out is:
TWO FLAGS WEST

Diana has just finished playing the lead in *The Whistle At Eaton Falls,* a film which Louis de Rochemont produced in New England, and now she is very "hot" as an actress. Hollywood wants her back.

"What irony," a friend of hers said the other day, "if she eventually turns out to be a bigger box office attraction than Kirk!" Ironical, maybe, and yet no one would be happier than Kirk Douglas, because one of his compelling desires in life is to see his first wife happy. He has great respect for Diana, for her courage, her faith in him, her background, the many lessons she taught him. He admires her breeding, her poise, her manners, all the social niceties which he himself never knew as a poverty-stricken boy.

SOME observers say that Kirk is attracted to Irene Wrightsman because of these very same qualities.

Irene was educated in two of the finest and, incidentally, the most expensive girls' schools in the nation—Ethel Walker's and Foxcraft.

While Kirk Douglas was marrying Diana Dill in New Orleans, Irene Wrightsman had decided to marry Freddie McEvoy, a bosom friend of Errol Flynn's in California. She was only 19, and her father threatened to disown her if she went through with her plans, but Irene has always been willful and headstrong. Less

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than one week after Freddie, the tennis-playing Australian, had been divorced by Beatrice Cartwright, the Standard Oil heiress, Irene married him. Errol Flynn feted the newlyweds in a tavern across the street from the Los Angeles marriage license bureau, and Charles Wrightsman blew his top. He objected that McEvoy was 15 years older than Irene and predicted that he would leave her without a cent.

A few years later, Irene admitted that on her wedding night, husband Freddie had left their honeymoon suite and had dined elsewhere.

In any event, the McEvoy-Wrightsman marriage wasn't a very happy one. Not long after Irene gave birth to a little girl, her husband was playing around Paris and, according to reporters there, "courting Barbara Hutton in great style."

When told of this, Irene was in Santa Monica with her baby and didn't know what to do. "According to Freddie," she announced, "I am not divorced. He's been asking me for six months to come over to Paris. But at one time he said we were divorced in Mexico. I personally don't think we're divorced. It sounds very funny, but I really don't know. Anyway, he says I'm not."

FOLKS who used to see Freddie and Errol Flynn and Irene Wrightsman around the West Side Tennis Club, prophesied that the McEvoy marriage would never last. And they were right. A few years ago, Irene took her baby and flew over to Paris to find out how she stood. Once she got there, McEvoy chartered a yacht and announced that he and Irene were about to enjoy a second honeymoon in Southern France. When Irene returned to Hollywood in 1947, she announced that she had not only obtained a Paris divorce, but that she was following it up with an American one.

Out of the whole muddle, Irene began going steady with Bob Stack—they went together for three and a half years, during which time everyone predicted a marriage that never came off. And Irene's divorced husband, Freddie McEvoy, introduced his good friend Serge Troubetzkoy to Barbara Hutton, who married the guy.

Last April when Kirk Douglas drove down to Palm Springs with his press agent and checked in at the Hotel Bon-Air, Irene Wrightsman happened to be stopping there.

Kirk's wife had just filed for divorce, and Irene herself was free. Kirk's press agent introduced him to the society girl, and the actor took it from there.

For almost a year now, Kirk and Irene have been virtually inseparable. For a while, before he met her, Kirk had started playing the field. He dated Pat Neal, Marilyn Maxwell, Joan Crawford, but Irene put an end to that.

Nowadays, Kirk has time for only one girl. Even money she becomes the second Mrs. Douglas. THE END

madly in love

(*Continued from page 35*) before cynics start counting off the hours till the end of marriage. To answer this one must know Jane Powell, the girl behind the Technicolor musicals, who came out of Portland, Oregon at 15 to become a star.

Brought up in modest circumstances, Jane Powell's parents had taught her to respect the real down-to-earth things in life. She learned to help her mother who had no servants. She was taught to cook, to sew, and to run a home with ease and comfort. She has never forgotten these lessons, nor the enjoyment that

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comes with carrying them out at last.

"I love to cook for Geary," she says. "I like to make fancy sauces and dishes. But Geary likes plain things like roast leg of lamb! Anyway, he thinks I'm a good cook," she adds, proudly.

Her friend, Betty Lynn, said that Jane "adored Geary so much, she wanted to be the best wife in the world. Her career was one thing . . . but her marriage was her whole life."

"You've just got to make the effort to be happy," Jane believes. "You can't just think that you're something special and entitled to it. I have my music, my singing lessons, my career in pictures. Geary has his insurance work. But we have something together, something we both share, our home and our child. That's what makes a good marriage something to share. If that sharing goes, then I think that love goes, too."

"JANE is so intelligent about life," Betty Lynn says of her. "Remember she's just 21, and younger than I am. But I always go to her for advice. She's never too busy to help anyone, and she's such a loyal friend. She's so sure of what she wants. She has never fallen in and out of love like a lot of other young kids. She knew she would fall in love with the right man when he came along. And she did. She knew it was Geary, and no one else, because he represented all the fine things that Jane wanted in a husband. He was charming, intelligent, and hard working. Having worked so hard herself, she expected no less in her ideal. Geary had great faith in his own ability to make a big success, and she believes in a man who believes in himself. Actually," said Betty, "Geary really is all the things Jane saw in him.

"I laugh sometimes when people who don't know Janie think she's just a sweet young thing. She is sweet and she is young, but she's so much more than that. There's a kind of glow about her."

Jane and Geary have so much in common. They both adore animals. There's Demi-tasse, that very sensitive and beautiful Siamese cat. Demi, as Jane calls her, is torn between her love for Jane and her adoration for Geary. "Demi compromises," says Jane, "by waiting on the top step for us every evening. When we go into our room she follows ever so quietly, finds the softest spot in the middle of the bed, and settles down for the night. She just won't play favorites." Demi owned the house, before Geary bought a German Shepherd puppy for Jane as a present on their first anniversary. They call him Paper. Paper has changed Demi's life completely. "He's grown so big," said Jane, "and he's so wicked! Like a very bad little boy. He used to play very nicely with Demi, but now he pounces on her and drags her across the yard. Demi's dignity has been so wounded. I suspect she could outwit him anytime she wanted. But females must always build up a male's ego!" Jane said, with a very definite twinkle in her eye.

At first there were many little things that the Steffens didn't have in common, playing tennis, skiing, water skiing, climbing mountains and swimming. Through sheer will power, Jane has conquered most of these sports. She can ski very well.

The top male star who dates pretty members of the Screen Extras Guild, reports comedian Jack Gilford, isn't a wolf. He just wants a little extra out of life.

Erskine Johnson in the Scripps-Howard newspapers

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She is learning to play tennis. She is becoming a fine swimmer.

"You should see Jane on skis," Marshall Thompson says. "You wouldn't believe it. She's up there with the best of them. Of course no one could ever be as good as Geary. He's just one of those very rare natural athletes. He can do any sport with grace and agility. It was tough for Jane to learn. She used to get up at five o'clock in the morning, and drive over to Big Bear with Geary. Geary was always so proud of her skill, and thrilled that she wanted to enjoy these sports with him. That's the kind of a girl Jane is. With all her own lessons—her music, her practicing, her pictures, her records, she still found time to learn to excel in these sports because Geary enjoyed them."

A girl like this will make a success of anything she sets her heart on. A director of one of Jane's recent pictures said, "I knew Geary Steffen would be a wonderful guy before I met him. Because I knew Jane, and I knew she would only fall in love with the best."

Jane has a rare quality for one so young. She can always separate the real from the unreal. She has always preferred a party at home with her crowd to a glamorous evening at a nightclub. She loves her friends and family around her. She loves lots of girl-talk. "You should hear Jane and my wife Barbara together," said Marshall Thompson. "Geary and I have to go into the breakfast room and get into a game of hearts or something." "She loves to laugh," says another of her friends. "And she loves to please. Only a few months ago she planted hundreds of daffodils in her garden because Geary told her yellow was his favorite color."

Jane has been making wonderful plans for the new baby, and the nursery. She hopes she'll have a girl . . . "Because all the baby clothes look so pretty and feminine, and it would be such fun dressing up a little girl—like playing with a doll!" But Geary is hoping he will have a son to go mountain climbing with him. "Perhaps even Mount Blanc," he says proudly. "I climbed it once . . . but with a son!"

To know all about Geary Steffen, one must know his friends and their appraisal of him. And to know Geary, one can better understand the reason for this love story.

Marshall Thompson, who knew him when they both attended University High School, said, "Geary is perhaps the most considerate guy I know. He was always popular in school, not only because he was such a great athlete, but because he had such a strong sense of good sportsmanship. He was always so modest about everything, even though he was so much better than the rest of us in any sport he undertook."

Geary Steffen, the son of Willie Ritchie, who was the lightweight champion of the world, learned very early the meaning of good sportsmanship from his father. He has always given the other guy a break. It has been a creed with him and he lives by it sincerely.

Geary never regretted giving up his own career in show business for one in the busines world and yet he gambled a great deal on his future happiness with Jane. He was a very successful performer, a magnificent skater, and Sonja Henie's partner, but sticking to his career meant long months on the road, away from Jane. "No marriage can survive that kind of thing," he said, "and I wanted Jane more than anything else in the world. I knew we could never have any happiness away from each other, and I'd better make the change while I was young!" And so he did.

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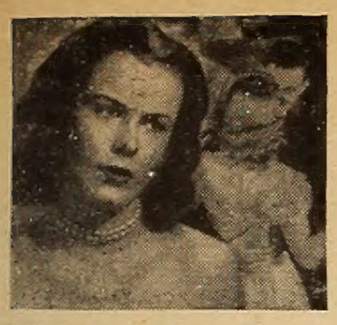


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Marshall said, "Jane used to come out with Barbara and look at it longingly. She wanted a house so much, but Geary wouldn't hear of it. He knew Jane could afford to buy one, but he didn't want it that way and so they both waited until Geary could afford it. I think the most exciting day in Geary's life and Jane's too, was the day they took us out to see their house in Brentwood.

Betty Lynn says, "Geary has an unusual understanding of people and their problems. Maybe it's because he adores people. When he married Jane he knew that her mother would be lonely. It was difficult for Jane to explain to her mother that she mustn't be hurt if she didn't see her as often as she used to; that she adored her just as much, but that her responsibilities were different now. In spite of all this explanation, Geary knew that Jane's mother would still feel the loneliness. You just can't give up in one moment, someone who has been everything to you for so long. And so he himself undertook to bring Jane's mother into his life. He tried to make her feel young and gay and wanted. He called her up, took her and

When Keefe Brasselle lunches at 20th, it's not for picture talks—his mom is Betty Grable's hairdresser.
Herb Stein in The Hollywood Reporter

my mother to lunch at the Brown Derby, without Jane. He has continued to do this and of course both my mother and Jane's simply adore him." Then Betty laughed. "Do you know what my mother said? She said 'Betty, I just hope you marry a boy just like Geary Steffen!' "

Geary is interested in everything, and because of his enthusiasm he has built up an enormous fund of knowledge. He can speak well on a variety of subjects. Jane, on the other hand, is so busy with her career that she has little time to do all the things she'd like. So Geary adds color to her life that would have been missing, if she'd married a man in her own profession. Their life would have been limited. But life with Geary is not. He is never bored, or self-centered. "He knows all kinds of people," Barbara Thompson says "and he is so fascinated by their various problems. He is always welcomed at any party, because he's such an interesting and amusing guy. You just never get tired of listening to Geary."

Jane never gets tired of Geary, and Geary never gets tired of Jane. They both have a goal to reach, each in his own way, and they are so deeply interested in each other's careers. Geary has never been jealous of the glamor that surrounds Jane's life, and Jane has never allowed Geary to feel that she was more important than he. Actually, she isn't. He has made a brilliant success in his own work. He loves it as Jane loves singing.

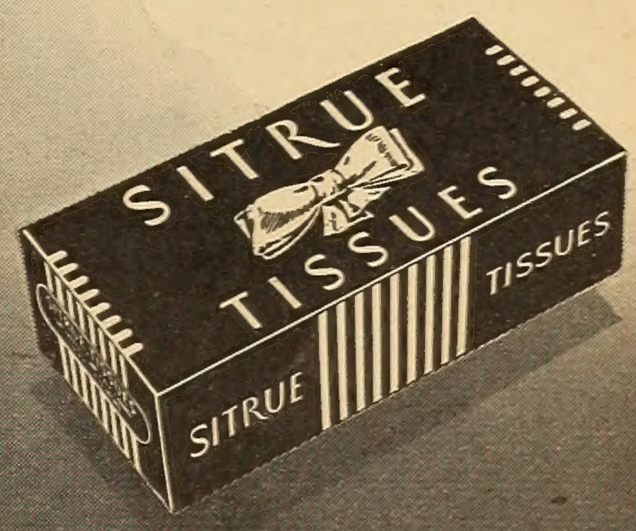
Having been a performer himself, he knows that Jane belongs to her public, too. He smiles so proudly when she is recognized in the lobby of the theater, or in a shop, or on the street.

Those who watch them walk into a room together, know even without knowing them personally, that here are two people wonderfully and madly in love. It isn't anything endearing they say to each other, or anything they do. But they have a kind of dignity towards each other, and a warm and glowing adoration. You can see it in their eyes. They can be standing at different corners of the room, surrounded by different groups of people, but Jane's eyes follow Geary, and Geary's eyes follow Jane. There is a silent language between them, the language of deep and lasting love. THE END

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by VALDA SHERMAN

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here they are!

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$1,000 Bond:

Mrs. Alice Bankert
Denver, Colorado

2nd PRIZE

$600 Bond:

Miss Clara Hobbs
Charlotte, N. C.

3rd PRIZE

$250 Bond:

Mrs. Elizabeth Denehie
Terre Haute, Indiana

$100 Bond each:

Miss Donna Morrison
Columbus, Ohio

Mrs. Paul Ernst
Knoxville, Tenn.

Miss Jeanne M. Hall
Wabasha, Minn.

$50 Bond each:

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Nazareth, Pa.

Mrs. M. Shore
Peterborough, Ontario, Canada

Miss Louise Goff
Charleston, W. Va.

Miss Sylvia Grill
New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Judith E. Carlson
Portland, Oregon

Mrs. Bernice Hunt
Ranger, Texas

Miss Joan Patricia Abell
Indianapolis, Indiana

Mr. Walter Van Frank
Manteno, Illinois

Mrs. H. G. McDaniel, Jr.
New Orleans, La.

Miss Judith Glaser
Gardiner, Maine

$25 Bond each:

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Lawton, Oklahoma

Miss Effie Alice Artherton
Spring Fork, Missouri

Miss Lydia Flores
Pharr, Texas

Miss Sarah Mullins
Sykesville, Maryland

Patricia Louise Counceller
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